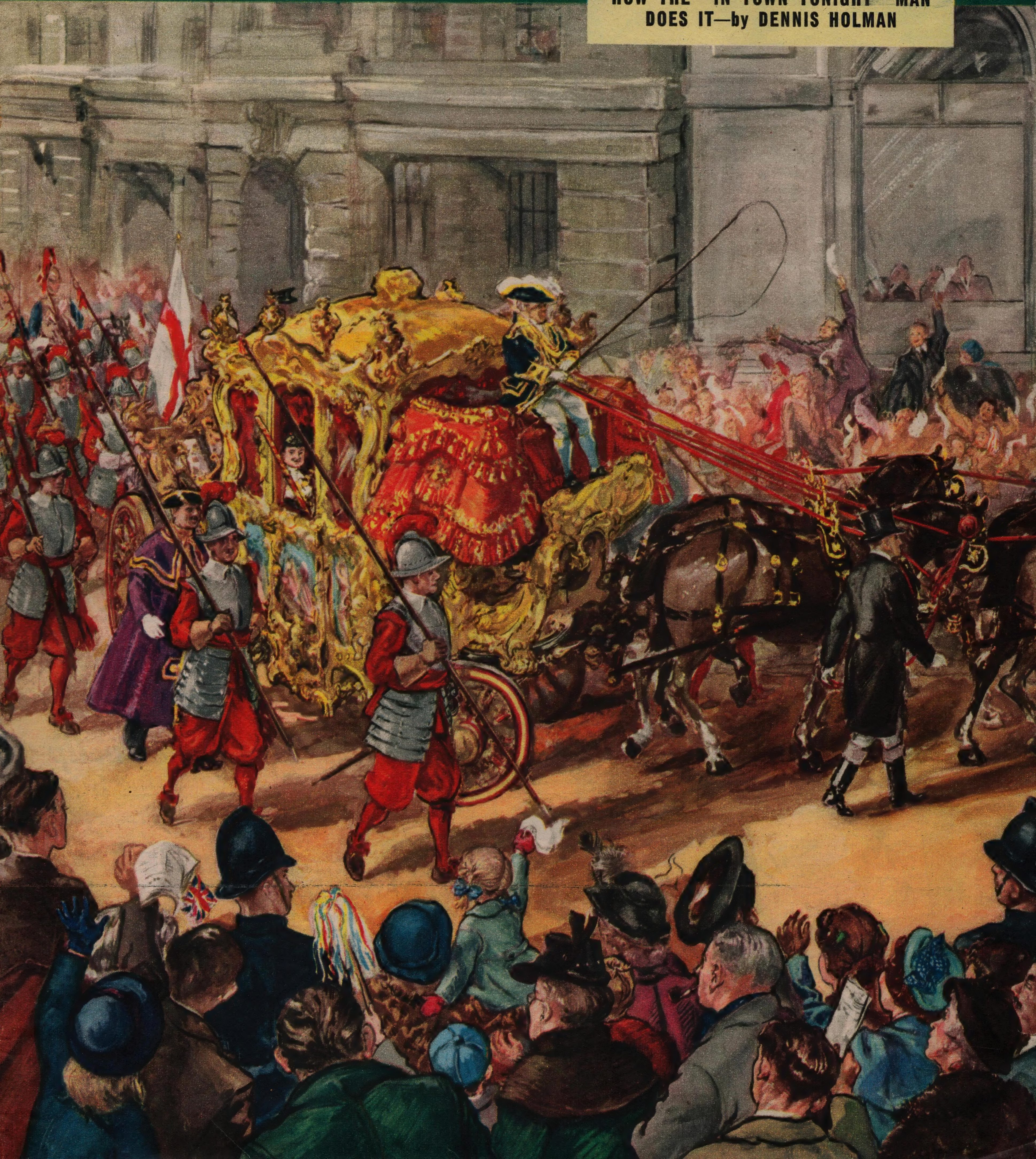
Week ending November 11 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

John Bull

An operation made me hear again

by ANNA FRIEL

HOW THE "IN TOWN TONIGHT" MAN DOES IT—by DENNIS HOLMAN



Week ending November 11 1950 Every Thursday Threepence

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An operation made me hear again

by ANNA FRIEL

HOW THE "IN TOWN TONIGHT" MAN DOES IT—by DENNIS HOLMAN

Miss Foolish only keeps her teeth white

Miss Wise uses S.R. and

keeps her white teeth!

Because S.R. containing sodium ricinoleate★ protects teeth from their greatest danger—

GUM TROUBLE!

Your sparkling white teeth will be protected if the gums they grow in are kept healthy. Gum trouble—dentists tell us—is a more costly enemy than decay. This is why S.R. Toothpaste contains a proved gum protection ingredient—sodium ricinoleate.

Regular brushing with S.R. strengthens your gums' resistance to troubles that can undermine the whitest, most perfect teeth. S.R. is the toothpaste that does a double job for you—keeps your teeth beautifully white and protects them by guarding gums.

Remember: *your teeth are only as safe as the gums they grow in*—so insure your smile for the future by seeing your dentist twice yearly and using S.R. twice daily.

★ Did you know that dentists use Sodium Ricinoleate to promote gum health ?

teeth white—gums right!

JB

GR 216-618

THE YOUNG FILM STARS SAY:

"Pin-Up is perfect whichever way you look at it"

LANA MORRIS

who is shortly to be seen in WOMAN IN QUESTION, is here seen from two points of view, back and front. Her Pin-Up perm looks lovely from every angle. "That," she explains, "is because Pin-Up gives me really soft, natural-looking waves. Pin-Up is just the thing for Christmas!"

JOSEPHINE STUART

who first attained stardom in OLIVER TWIST, says, "I adore Pin-Up because it leaves my hair so soft and silky—there's none of that unattractive frizziness, even directly after perming."

WHY do all the loveliest young film stars have Pin-Up home perms? Pin-Up is time-saving, certainly; and *easy*; *and* amazingly inexpensive. But the young film stars have Pin-Up for one reason only—because it gives such wonderful results!

Pin-Up gives your hair soft, natural-looking waves and curls, *right from the very first moment*. No frizz! No hard ridges! No straight wisps. People who don't know will think you're one of those lucky ones with naturally curly hair.

You can do it in your own time, in your own home. And how easy it is! Anyone who can put her hair up in curlers can give herself a Pin-Up home perm.

Look at the lovely hair styles chosen by the film stars in the pictures. Why don't you try them out? They're so easy once you've given yourself a Pin-Up. Any chemist's or departmental store will offer you a choice of four Pin-Up outfits from 3/8 to 11/-.

Pin-Up
HOME PERMANENT

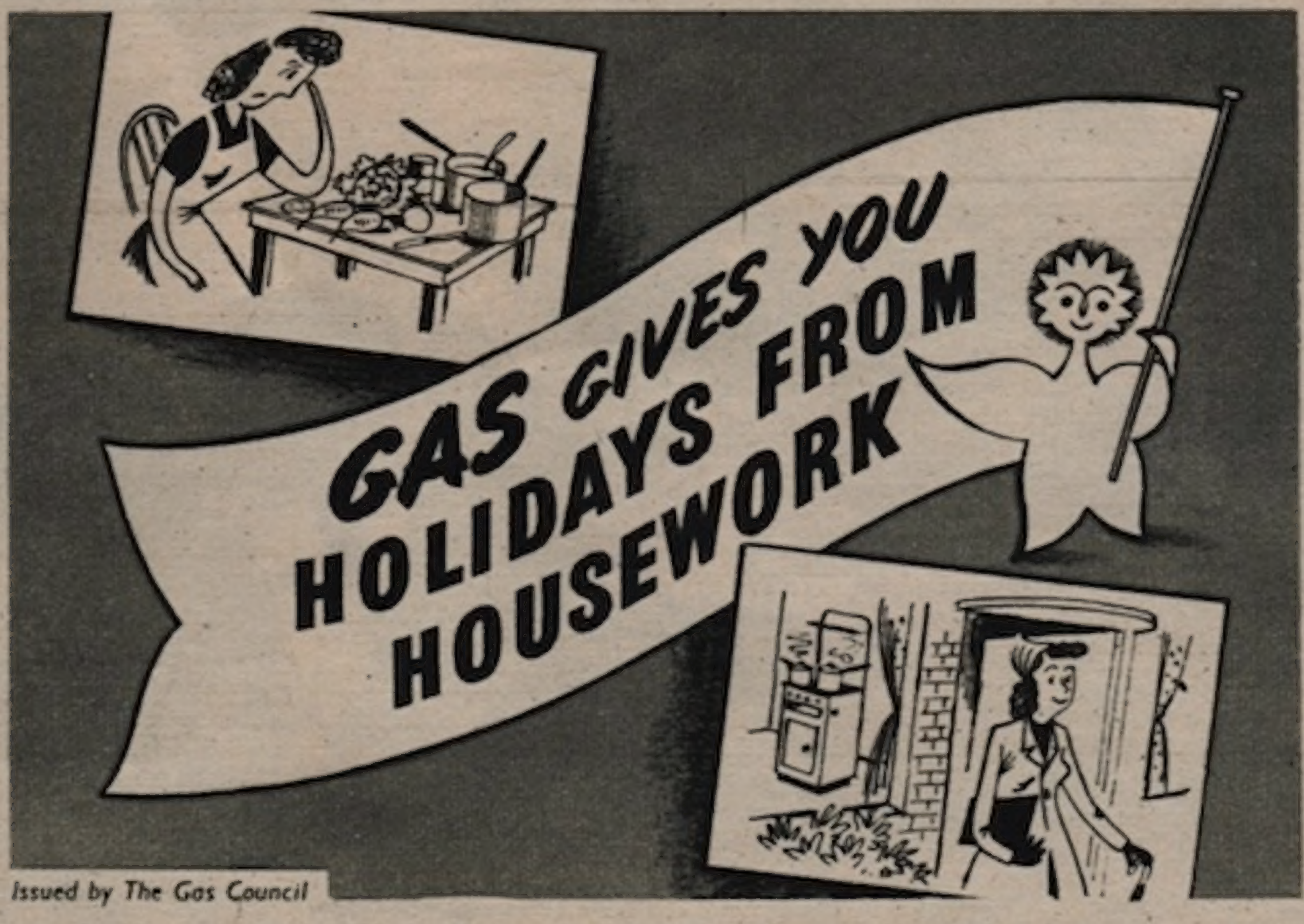
Have a Pin-Up
in time to look your loveliest
this Christmas!

Watch for Pin-Up in its attractive Christmas party dress. SALON-TYPE, complete outfit with curlers (whole-head), costs **11/-**. POPULAR (whole-head) **7/4**. JUNIOR SIZE (for the short cut or end curls) **3/8**. REFILLS (everything for a whole-head perm except the curlers) **5/6**.

Softer, more natural waves with **Pin-Up**

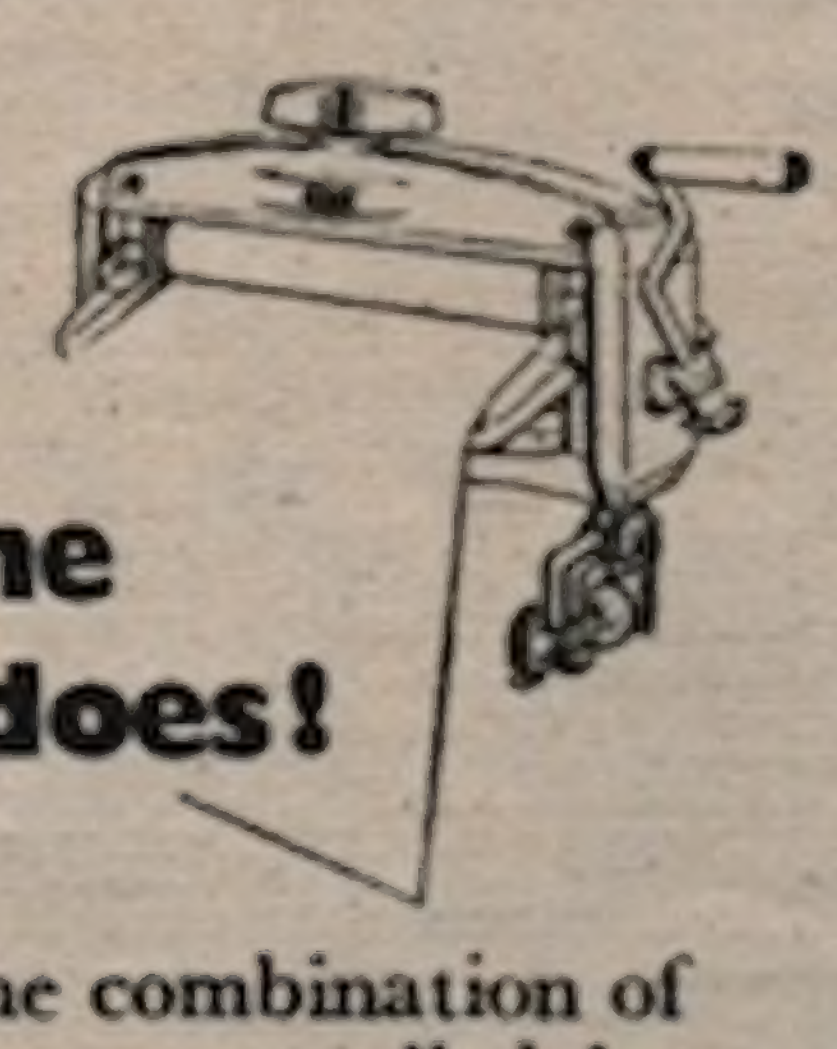
JB

PIN 47-1313



Issued by The Gas Council

Handle with care . . .



Acme does!

Acme handles delicate silks, gay cottons, sturdy linens, softest woollens, with loving care. It's Acme pressure working through resilient rubber rollers that does the trick. These rollers, the result of 70 years' experience, are developed and made complete in the Acme factory on specially designed plant. The combination of these special rollers, with even pressure, controlled by Acme's latest feature the 'pressure indicator', mean that unseen dirt is expelled along with the surplus water. Everything you wring goes into your Acme and comes out cleaner and with longer life ahead. Acme pressure means care for the whole family wash—lasting care!

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and House
Furnishers

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the cleanser-wringer

A product of 70 years' manufacturing supremacy

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EDITORIAL

A new code is needed to deal with cruelty

EVERY TIME A PARENT is prosecuted for brutal treatment of a child, or a man for ill-treating an animal, the question of how the offence should be judged causes doubt and disagreement. And if the case is proved, there is even more difficulty in arriving at the appropriate punishment.

That is why an outcry is caused when the perpetrator of some act of cruelty which has shocked the public is let off with a fine. That is why another outcry arises when a prison sentence, with its probable hardening effects, is surprisingly passed on someone who is found guilty of a brutal offence, but who appears to have committed it while distraught or irresponsible.

The law gives no decisive guidance. It is vague and elastic, especially about penalties.

A comparatively recent case of a mother of four who was sentenced to six weeks' imprisonment for banging a child's head on the floor raised this controversy in its sharpest form.

"Serve her right!" exclaimed the advocates of straightforward, old-fashioned punishment.

"How terrible!" countered the people who have come to look upon such cruelty as a symptom of disease. "The woman must have been sick, mentally or physically. She should have been sent to hospital—not to prison."

Of course, in the present state of the law a prison sentence was almost inevitable. Something had to be done to this mother—and something which the law prescribed, whether or not it lagged behind public opinion and scientific knowledge.

PUBLIC opinion about cruelty has moved on over the years. During the last century a great humanitarian movement spread throughout Britain, and a steadily rising standard of living lifted millions out of the sordid conditions which bred brutal minds and brutal deeds. Occasionally the laws were altered to keep up with the movement of public opinion. But punishment remained their object.

Then, during our own century, a new attitude was born out of medical and psychological research. It was realized that the old ideas were over-simplified; that crime — including cruelty—might after all be more of a disease than a sin.

Innumerable well-meaning people who hated society to follow the creed of "an eye for an eye" seized with relief on the new doctrine. They did not always stop to ask themselves whether it was well-founded in proven fact. For the human mind and its failings are still far less well explored than the human body.

As for the relations between the body and the mind, experts do not even agree where one starts and the other leaves off!

It is fair to say that all the psychiatrists and all the doctors between them have not so far conclusively answered the vital question: "Is cruelty always a crime, and if not, how should it be treated?" They have shattered the old system by raising serious doubts about its justice—they have not supplied a new one.

Yet it is obviously wrong to go on sending people to prison if they ought to go to hospital. It is equally wrong to let them get away with a spell in hospital if they ought to be in prison.

HERE is urgent scope for new social inquiry followed by legislation. It is grossly unfair to magistrates and judges to thrust on them the onus of deciding human problems for which the law itself should provide the answers—if only the community had made up its mind what it wanted the law to do!

No code of law can fit all cases satisfactorily, but it is far better to have some sort of code, based on experience and supported by majority opinion, than no code at all. Then and only then shall we reduce the number of distressing anomalies among punishments, and the complaints from the Bench that it lacks adequate power, or adequate guidance, or both.

Realism and constructive thinking are essential, unmarred by prejudice and hysteria, as long as cruelty continues. It *will* continue as long as any of the population must live in ugly, unhealthy and sordid surroundings.

We cannot wait for the elimination of the causes of crimes of cruelty by gradual social improvement. We should act now, in the fullest light of modern knowledge, to reduce the misery and uncertainty resulting from these tragedies.

The first step should be the appointment of a Royal Commission to weigh all the evidence of social workers, doctors, psychiatrists and criminologists. Public opinion is ready to support such a Commission in any reasonable recommendations to modernize the laws concerning cruelty.

ON OTHER PAGES

ARTICLES

BRITAIN'S ATOMIC STORY (Start of 3-part series) . by Harry Hopkins 7
HE MEETS THEM ALL IN TOWN TONIGHT . by Dennis Holman 12
A MIRACLE OPERATION—AND I HEAR AGAIN . by Anna Friel 15
I WAS A FIRST OFFENDER (Final part of real-life series) Anonymous 17
HIKERS TAKE OVER THE PENNINE WAY . . by Keith Ellis 18
NIGHT CALL FOR THE PETS' DOCTOR . . by Lisa Moynihan 21
PUZZLE BOXER GETS HIS CHANCE . . . by Stanley Russell 23

FICTION

THE THINGS WE BUILD . . . . . by Oscar Schisgall 10
A QUALITY OF MERCY . . . . . . by Charles B. Child 14
SECRET OF THE BLACK BRAE (Part 5 of 8-part serial) by Macdonald Hastings 20
FEATURES: FREE SPEECH . 4 LIVING LANGUAGE . 26 HUMAN MACHINE . 30
OH, JOHNNY! . 35 NOW YOU KNOW . 36 COMPETITIONS . 38

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in any old pocket)

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winter gaiters love
SPANGLES
("Still got mine—ages after")

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FREE SPEECH

This is how they saved for a house

OF COURSE IT IS POSSIBLE to buy a house on £12 a week. We are doing it on £6 17s. G. L. of London, S.W.6. ("Free Speech," October 21), should take another look at his budget to see how he can save.

My husband and I are in our middle twenties and when our son was born two years ago, we decided that two rooms were not good enough. As our prospects of obtaining a home in any other way were very remote, we decided to buy a house. We saved every penny we could and, in January this year, we moved into a three-bedroom semi-detached house. We had enough money in the bank to pay solicitors' fees, stamp duties and all but £60 of the necessary deposit on our £1,675 house. We borrowed the £60 and, as I do two days' work myself every week, we have already repaid this sum.

In spite of mortgage repayments of £2 4s. a week and 12s. 6d. weekly for my husband's fares to work, we still manage to live fairly comfortably on what is left.—MRS. K. B., Romford, Essex.

. . . As a married man with two children and a weekly salary of £6 10s. I used to wonder how I could save until I thought of instructing my employer to deduct so much from my salary for National Savings Certificates. Saving this way—before I receive my wage packet—I don't miss the money. Yet I was able a short while ago to pay cash down for £30 worth of furniture.—A. C. PRICE, 6 Abbot's Drive, Bebington, Cheshire.

YANGTSE INCIDENT
see page 16

. . . A salary of £12 a week might seem impressive, but a man who earns this amount is expected by his employer to *look* impressive—and that costs money. Though my own salary is £12, I also am unable to save. But I could if I earned less and was able to wear overalls at the office, spend less than eight per cent of my income on fares, start work early enough to travel at "workman's" rates and take my lunch in a packet.—A. D., Kingston, Surrey.

Are Bad Boys Just Curious?

FOR THE BOY WHO RAISED a false fire alarm, a magistrate recently prescribed an experimental cure: a complete fire-station turnout to show him what is involved when an alarm is given. Since most juvenile delinquency is mere curiosity, why not go one step further and organize school outings to visit fire stations, railway works, coal mines, car factories, and Army, Navy and Air Force establishments? In this way children would see what they possess, how it works and what their parents—and eventually they themselves—have to pay for. By interesting them in these things, I believe that ninety per cent of juvenile "crime" would disappear.—JACKSON BUTLER, Springfield, Boundstone, Farnham, Surrey.

Medicine-mad Husband

WHY DO DOCTORS WASTE so much of the nation's money under the National Health Service by prescribing valuable drugs for hypochondriac patients? I am the long-suffering wife of a neurotic type of man who imagines he suffers from this and that complaint. His bottles of medicine, boxes of pills, powders and tablets—half of them unused—make the house look like a chemist's shop. Would it not be kinder and fairer to genuine sufferers if such patients were told frankly that there is nothing the matter with them?—MRS. T. V., Glasgow.

Anglers On The Jetty

A. R. THOMSON'S COVER PAINTING of the little boy who caught the big pike (JOHN BULL, October 14) reminded me of an incident I saw and photographed at Bowness on Lake Windermere. A group of children were peering between the boards of the jetty at the fish sheltering from the hot sun. With home-made rods, lengths of string, bent pins and worms, others were hooking fish. I saw ten caught in about twenty minutes. On the lake were anglers with modern tackle in yachts and rowing boats—but it was the kids who were getting the fish.—A. ELLIS, 21 Cecilia Road, Blackburn, Lancs.

"They caught ten in twenty minutes"

Water Trouble

THERE ARE MANY HOUSES IN every town which do not have inside stopcocks of the kind mentioned in the "Now You Know" feature on the domestic water supply (JOHN BULL, October 7). I know of modern municipal estates in London where the tenants have to take the water-key into the street to turn off the supply whenever they need to change the washer on a tap. Recently, when a water-pipe sprang a leak in my house, I phoned the Water Board, who sent a turncock to cut off the supply. This he did, but as it was Sunday he refused to turn it on again after I had replaced a worn washer unless I signed a chit undertaking to pay him for his overtime. Prevention of waste, he said, was his twenty-four hour duty, but turning on the supply he did only in his working hours. I refused, and he went away leaving me without water.—J. DILLON MACCARTHY, 1 Brigade Street, Blackheath, London, S.E.3.

The Colonel's Rod

COLONEL JOHNSON IS SUPPOSED to be a master in the art of salmon fishing. Yet, in the second instalment of Macdonald Hastings's JOHN BULL serial, *Secret Of The Black Brae*, he has only one rod with him and then, above all things, he lends it to an absolute greenhorn—a woman, at that! I am sure that Hastings is no fisherman.—NORMAN JONES, 18 Poulton Road, Carleton, Blackpool, Lancashire.

. . . Surely the elderly colonel would not be strong enough to bring the heavy corpse to the surface of the water; nor would the fishing rod be able to take the heavy strain.—MISS A. PARK, 114 Holland Road, London, W.14.

Macdonald Hastings, himself a keen fisherman, says: "The colonel was no fool. 'Having a rod' means, in fisherman's slang, having rights to a stretch of river. And he need not have been a Hercules; the corpse, dislodged from the bottom, would have floated to the surface anyway. A light salmon rod, though, is very tough—it can withstand the pull of a powerful swimmer and stop him in twenty-five yards. I know, for I've seen it done."

Clean—But Useless

RECENTLY I HAD A RAINCOAT cleaned and was amazed to receive it back shrunk beyond any further use. On complaining to the cleaners, I was informed that the shrinkage was due to the fact that nowadays cloth is not pre-shrunk by the manufacturers. The grime of travel in London makes cleaning a necessity, so that this is a serious matter. I suggest that artificial shrinking of all cloth before it leaves the manufacturers should be made compulsory by law.—E. E. WYDELL, 96 Wallwood Road, London, E.11.

Sour Grapes In France

FOR MY HOLIDAY, I WENT grape-harvesting in France. The work was hard and the working day twelve or even sixteen hours long, but I enjoyed every moment of it. I do not speak a word of French but somehow I made myself understood and grasped the gist of what they said to me. The only blemish upon an otherwise perfect holiday was the discovery that the organization which arranged my trip was collecting 1,000 francs (about 21s.) per week from my employer. Next year I intend to do my own organizing and draw a full wage for my full labour.—B. M. MALPAS, 60 Great Cumberland Place, London, W.1.

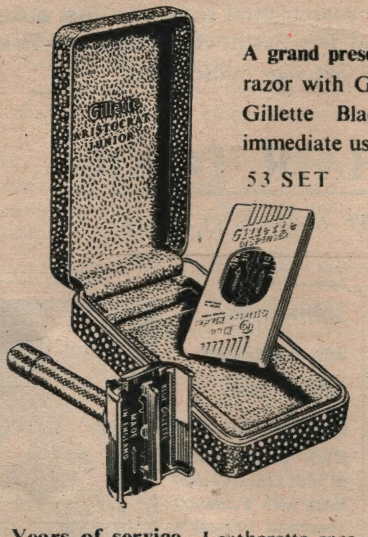
John Bull welcomes readers' views, experiences and ideas for publication. A guinea is paid for every letter used. Mark the envelope "Free Speech" and make sure your full name and address are in the letter.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

GRACE GOLDEN says: "I feel I have special claim to paint the Lord Mayor's Show, for I was at school in the City of London from the age of five and took prizes which were presented by the Lady Mayoress." The four-and-a-half ton gilt coach, which has been in use since 1757, and the fine seventeenth-century uniforms of the pikemen are once again playing their part in this week's Show.

For the keenest pleasure..
give Gillette

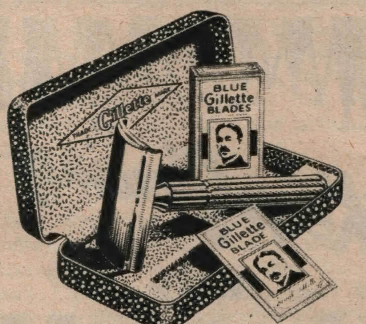
A gift for every day of the year. This is just the gift a man would choose for himself. To make the daily task of shaving into a daily pleasure, Gillette has the sharpest blade in the world, which, combined with its own precision-made razor, forms one perfect shaving instrument.



A grand present. Aristocrat Junior silver-finish razor with Gillette Dispenser holding 10 Blue Gillette Blades unwrapped and ready for immediate use. **12/-**

53 SET

Another Idea. Gay gift pack of 40 Blue Gillette Blades (8 packets of 5 blades). **10/8**



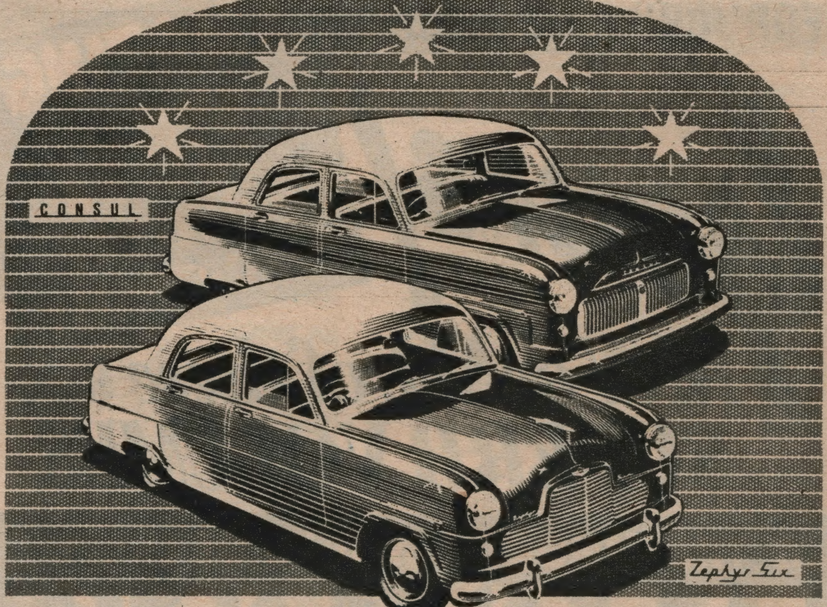
Years of service. Leatherette case, ideal for travelling, containing plated three-piece razor, pocket edition (5 Blue Gillette Blades). **5/6**

44 SET

Bring him up-to-date with a Gillette Dispenser — a neat plastic container holding 20 Blue Gillette Blades ready for instant use. **5/4**

Gillette Shaving Brush—a popular gift that'll last for years. **7/6** and **48/6**

GOOD MORNINGS BEGIN WITH GILLETTE



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Here is the definition of a 'Five-Star' Car:—

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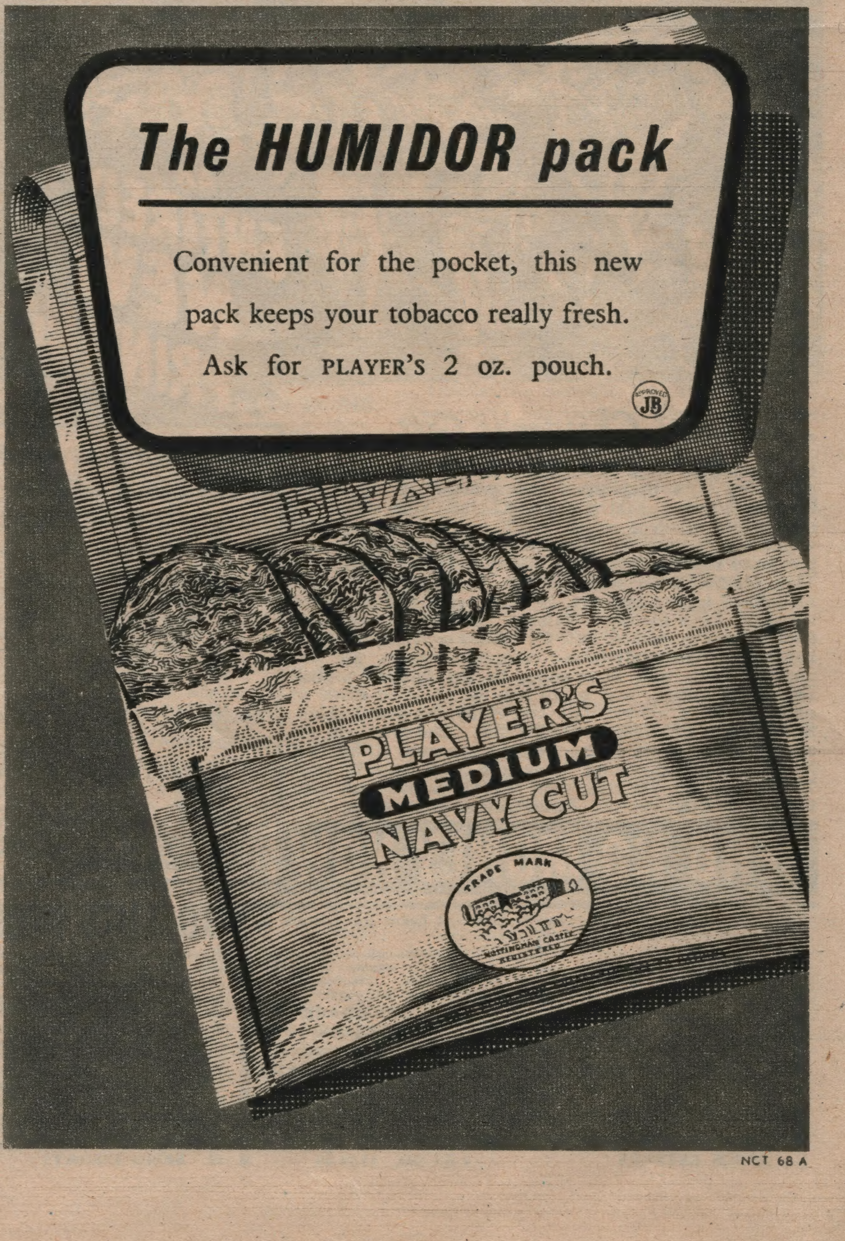

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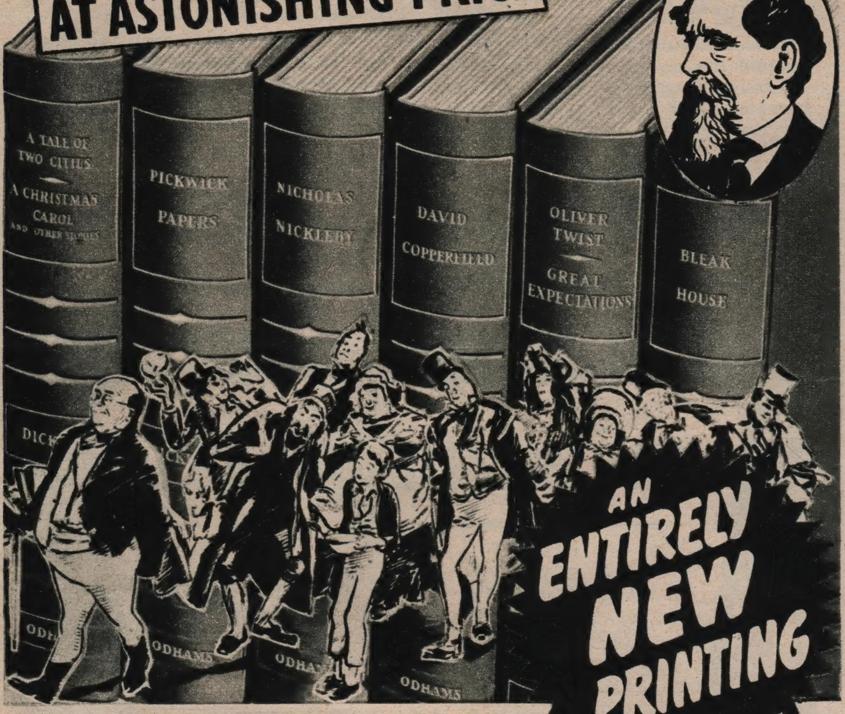

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Oh-oh Dry Scalp!

Yes, he's good-looking, but oh—that hair! Lifeless, untidy—looks as if he never combed it. And look at that ugly dandruff on his shoulder! That's a sure sign of Dry Scalp. Why doesn't someone tell him about 'Vaseline' Brand Hair Tonic?

Vaseline HAIR TONIC
HAIR LOOKS BETTER...SCALP FEELS BETTER...WHEN YOU END DRY SCALP WITH 'VASELINE' HAIR TONIC

Oh, yes, that's much better—now that he's ended Dry Scalp with 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. This amazing dressing is the crystal-clear hair tonic that you *need* to supplement your natural scalp oils. Just a 20-second daily massage—and you end Dry Scalp! And 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is so economical in use, too! Get *your* bottle today!

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT ENDS DRY SCALP

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Keep your children fit with a timely treatment with Fennings' household Remedies.

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ALFRED FENNINGS, HORSHAM, SUSSEX.

BRITAIN'S ATOMIC STORY (1)

HOW is the future being shaped in our first factories of atomic power? What goes on beyond the barbed wire and the "Prohibited" notices? Here, at last, in a three-part John Bull survey, the story is told as fully as security permits

They catch the 5.15 Atom Special

by HARRY HOPKINS

THE INHABITANTS OF SEASCALE—a cluster of red-brick villas, private hotels and boarding schools a quarter of the way up the Cumberland coast—are worried. For years they have boasted of their select little resort's "complete lack of artificial and conspicuous attractions." But now, even as they get in a round of golf on the links, the most faithful patrons can no longer conceal it from themselves: the old place is not the same. Beyond the eighteenth hole the familiar panorama of sea and mountain is strangely interrupted. Two vast grey towers emerge eerily from the rain-filled Lakeland sky. And, absurdly dwarfed, at the foot of each monstrous stack lies a squat grey oblong—as if some hugely enterprising child had been at work with building blocks.

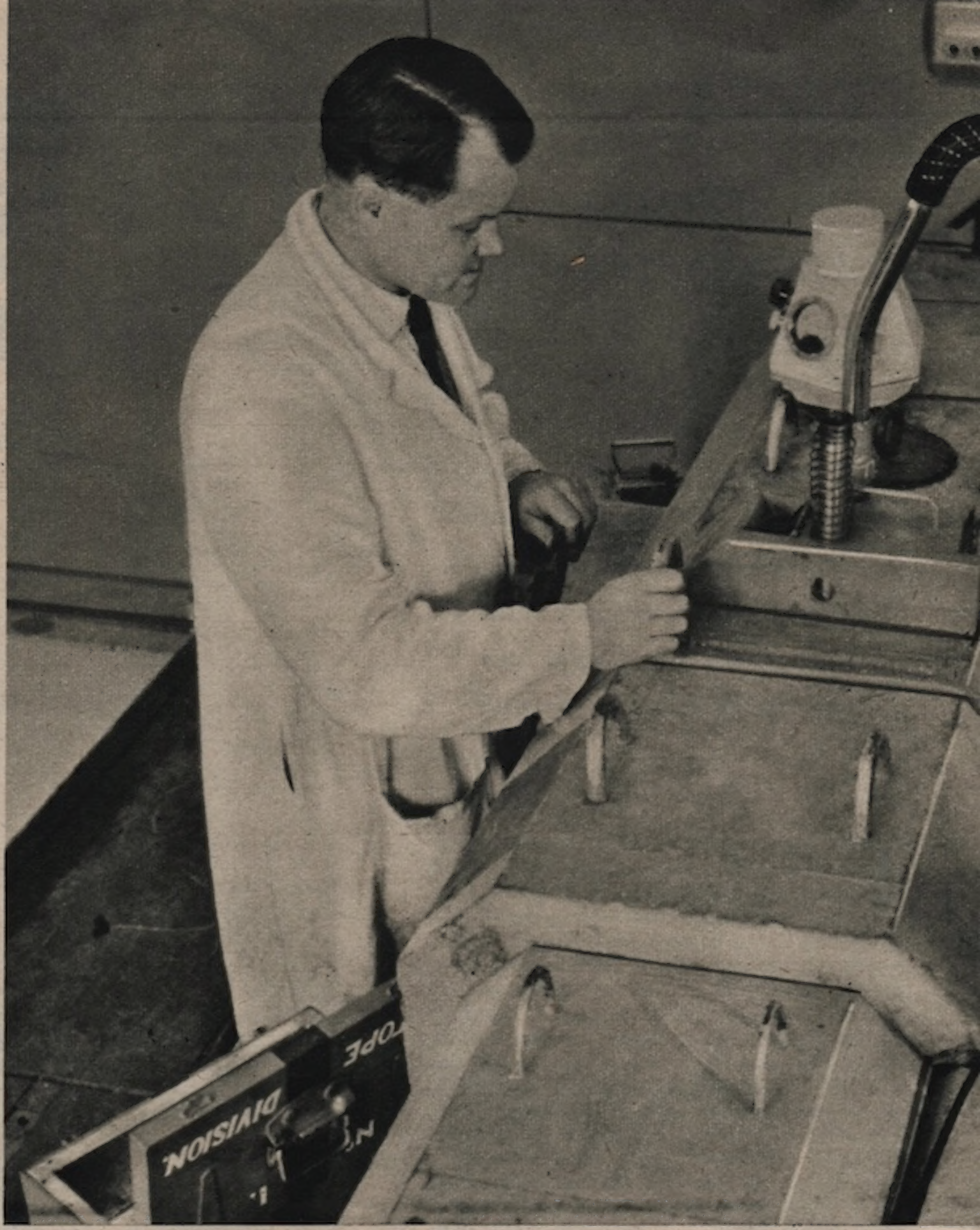
Go where you will on this coast and those twin towers dog you. Leave the golf links, walk northwards along the water's edge, and still, inevitably, your eyes are drawn to them. They are oddly wide—yet very high. Much is still encased in scaffolding. From the thickly squared-off tops emerges a tube of steel latticework like a rifle barrel from its stock. You search your memory but strike no chord of comfort. For the thing that looms so hauntingly on this desolate northern shore is the shape of the unborn Future. This is Britain's first factory of atomic power.

Near Sellafield station, the wire begins. There are seven miles of it, fifteen feet high, four rows of barbs, leaning outwards from the top. *"No Photographing Allowed,"* said the board at the foot of the cliff. *"Prohibited Place,"* said the board at the top, and beyond it rose the two vast stacks, whiter and less sinister now, the blocks alongside them swollen to formidable proportions. They were atomic piles.

You hardly noticed the two small cottages that thrust up against the wire. A few years ago cows had chewed the cud at the back doors. But now the atom was in the farmyard, behind the wire. I knocked at "Moss-side," and Mrs. Roberts came to the door—Mrs. Roberts from Cardiff. "Well," said Mrs. Roberts, "it was a house, see. Nervous? Well, now, if they drop one of those things I reckon it won't matter where you are, will it?"

Mrs. Roberts's husband is a War Department policeman, one of the guardians of the barbed

A man from the new world fills concrete-walled tanks with deadly waste water—radio-active sludge from the Harwell atomic energy research station



From Bepo, Harwell man extracts batch of isotopes—elements made radio-active by atom power

wire. "But, you know," she says, "although it's just there behind us, we don't know a thing about what's going on in there. We just know it's going on, that's all." Twenty yards away, seven pipelines, rank on rank, plunged under the wire, cut through the road, and went hurtling down through the sand dunes, over the railway line and into the sea. A row of lights marked the spot where they slid beneath the waves. Several miles out, the atomic power factory's liquid wastes would spill out upon the ocean bed.

Thus dramatically—sensationally—has John Dalton's atom come home at last to roost. As the crow flies, his cottage at Eaglesfield is not twenty miles from here, though to reach it you must take a country bus that meanders all over the map. I stood there in the lane with Joe Irving, the cowman, and together we read the carved stone above the door—"*John Dalton, LL.D, D.Litt, the Discoverer of the Atomic Theory, was born here, 1776.*" Said Joe, "Did he do good, do you think?" Did he indeed?

The Clue Of The Fogged Plate

Yet it is hard to blame John Dalton, the poor weaver-farmer's son. For that atom of his was a solid, sensible thing. When he drew it, he put a thick firm line around it—you can see the pictures in the Science Museum. It was another ninety years or more before the atom began to open up, receding and receding into whirling nothingness.

The rot began one day in 1896 when Henri Becquerel opened his desk in Paris to find that a photographic plate he had left there, safely covered, as he thought, in black paper, had fogged. Investigating, he quickly found the cause of the trouble—a few crystals of a uranium salt which had fallen against the plate. Across the English Channel, this and other clues uncovered by Roentgen's discovery of X-rays, by the Curies who isolated radium, were eagerly followed up. By the time a twenty-four year old New Zealander named Ernest Rutherford arrived on a scholarship at Cambridge, Professor J. J. Thomson, working in the Cavendish Laboratory there, was already on the point of breaking John Dalton's "ultimate particle" wide open.

With Thomson's "electron" to start from, Rutherford renewed the attack on the atom with all the energy and ingenuity of youth. He tracked the radiations from uranium, analysed them, photographed them, labelled them. He manoeuvred atomic particles as other men do billiard balls. By 1919 he had learned how to bombard the nitrogen atom effectively enough to "chip bits off," changing it to oxygen. For the first time in history the elements had been transmuted. The door stood open to a new world.

Rutherford Opens The Atom

Much ingenuity has been expended in attempts to convey the minuteness of the atom. In diameter it is a hundred million times smaller than a pea. Take a single drop of water, set the entire population of the globe to counting the atoms in it, working night and day, and it would be ten thousand years before they were through. Even in 1913 the atom was pretty small! And now, in the twenties, here was Rutherford confidently opening up the atom, revealing in each a complete miniature solar system, negatively charged electrons gyrating in their mysterious orbits around a tightly knit core of positively charged "protons." If the lecture-room were the size of an atom, he would tell his students, then this central nucleus would be the size of a pinhead. And yet here lay the ultimate secrets of matter. Immensely powerful forces bound the nucleus together. Could man tap this limitless energy that lay at the heart of the atom?

On this pregnant question Rutherford's young men now concentrated their purposeful attention. On April 30, 1932, a letter appeared in *Nature* under the signatures of two of them—J. D. Cockcroft and E. T. S. Walton. It was couched in abstruse language, but its message was dramatic. It told how—in a laboratory that looked like something straight out of H. G. Wells—they had successfully "split the atom," sending protons hurtling at 5,500 feet a second at a lithium plate, shattering its atoms to form helium. That same year Chadwick identified the missing link in Rutherford's atomic solar system—an electrically neutral particle in the atom's core which was henceforth known as "the neutron."

From then on things moved fast. The foundations had been laid by the British, but now, in capital after capital, new keys were turned, unlocking the secrets of the atom. In Rome, Enrico Fermi was quick to show that in the neutron physicists at last had in their hands the projectile they were seeking. Uncharged, it was free from electrical attractions, sailed freely through the circling electrons till it cannoned into a nucleus. As a subject for this neutron bombardment, a German working in Berlin, Otto Hahn, went back again to the uranium of Madame Curie, an unstable element which disintegrates of itself in nature, changing, over millions of years, into lead. Hahn's results were spectacular, and Lise Meitner and O. R. Frisch, two other Germans, refugees from Nazism, were able to show that the heavy complex atoms of uranium had been broken into roughly equal parts, releasing, atom for atom, fifty million times more energy than in the burning of coal.

In Copenhagen, a Dane, Niels Bohr, now took the momentous process of discovery a stage further by demonstrating that the effectiveness of the "fission" depended greatly on the speed of the neutron projectiles. It was a Frenchman, the Communist Joliot-Curie, who brought the inquiry to the verge of the abyss. He showed that each uranium nucleus, as it split, threw out further neutrons to split other nuclei, which threw out further neutrons, which split yet more nuclei, until in an instant of time millions of particles might be flying outwards in an ever-growing avalanche of disintegration—releasing the power at the heart of the atom, the energy that binds the universe.

Thus, in 1939, while Hitler raved at the Czechs, quieter men in laboratories all over Europe were already knocking the props from under the old world. The hard, clear frontiers which had so long and so comfortingly divided the material from the immaterial were falling away. Then, at 8.30 a.m. on August 6, 1945, a small lump of metal, the size of a football, went spinning down from a Superfortress towards the Japanese town of Hiroshima. Nuclear physics had arrived.

The newspapers, without loss of time, proclaimed the atomic age. Could not this weapon of fantastic power, fashioned in the forcing house of war, now be set with equal zest to rebuilding the war-shattered world? Could Britain, faced with declining coalfields, find a new lease of life in this vast but handy source of power?

Best Brains In The Country

On October 29, three months after VE-Day, the Prime Minister told the House of Commons that an Atomic Energy Research Establishment covering "all aspects" was to be set up at Harwell in Berkshire. "It is the intention," said the Minister of Supply, "to marshal the very best brains in the country."

What has Britain now to show for these five years of atomic stewardship? The question is not easily answered. For, ironically, though British science may have brought humanity to the verge of one of the greatest, most beneficent leaps forward in human power, humanity is not

Surgeons now use them in vital operations

permitted to know about it. The simplest facts are enveloped in swirling fogs of security.

Thus, probably very few people in Britain yet realize that this island is today spanned by a growing network of atomic research and production stations that stretches from the lonely coast of Cumberland to Amersham in Buckinghamshire. Sited with great skill in the depths of quiet, off-the-track country lanes—yet never very far from large centres of population—massive plants are rising, costing millions of pounds. No one can return, as I have just done, from a tour of these places without being deeply impressed.

The Fylde of Lancashire, the green, flat-as-a-pancake expanse between Preston and the sea, has long been famed for its windmills, its fabulous hen population, and the passage of the road to Blackpool. Its fourth claim to fame is as yet unasserted. Take the right combination of turns through its maze of narrow lanes, and you come to a derelict windmill, mouldering sails outlined against the sky. Walk another twenty yards, and suddenly vast factory buildings are stretching away before you. It is "Springfields"—the broad base of Britain's atomic pyramid. It is here in these quiet lanes that the uranium ore from the Congo and the Great Bear Lake in Canada's Far North starts out on the long and tortuous process of refinement and change that finally taps the power at the atom's heart.

Once again—one soon gets to know the pattern—the shut gates, the flat-hatted policemen, the neat administration buildings and the trim lawns outside, the Union Jack fluttering beyond. And once again, the high fence, barbed, receding on both sides into the distance. A wisp of smoke hangs from a square central chimney. From a long, high shed, crowned by thirteen squat ventilators like sinister toadstools, comes the heavy clang of metal on metal. From the buildings to the left comes the high-pitched whine of a compressor.

A whole new metallurgical industry has come into being here since 1940, when even the melting point of uranium was not accurately known. But of these things it is possible to see little. Once, somewhere between the buildings, a trolley glided by, carrying three men in white, with white skull caps. But all doors are closed. The place has a shut-in, secretive air. A man in a duffle-coat comes out of the gate and stands there watching as I walk down the lane, outside the fence.

New Milk Round For Prefabs

But the country folk are unimpressed. For one farmer, the advent of the atom means a new milk round among the 200 atomic workers' prefabs; for the landlord of The Smith's Arms, a new sort of talk in the bar; for the local stationmaster, a reopening and a burst of business unimagined in his wildest dreams. For if the atom workers are in this countryside, they are not of it. As five o'clock approaches, the multi-coloured motor-coaches come zooming through the narrow lanes, whisking one shift away, bringing another in. The gates open and the men come streaming past the flat-hatted guards to the scores of waiting buses and the 5.15, the "Atom Special." Does their sinister secret oppress them? "Na, then, Joe," says one to another. "How're hens laying?"

Before the war, the world produced 350 tons of uranium oxide a year. Its only importance was as the source of radium for cancer treatment, and a few odd uses like the making of luminous watch dials. Today it has become the raw material of power. Armed with the Stationery Office's *Prospector's Handbook to Radio-active Deposits*, men in headphones roam the African jungle, eyes peeled for the tell-tale canary yellow streaks and orange ochre stains, ears alert for the stammer of the Geiger counters slung around their shoulders. Back to the Atomic Energy Division of the Geological Survey in London flow scores of rocks with a single momentous question: Is this workable uranium? The answer is rarely satisfactory for, though uranium is distributed in 113 different minerals, concentrations approaching the sixty per cent pitchblende ores of the Congo and Great Bear Lake are rare.

Nobody knows just how much uranium is now being produced—but it certainly runs into thousands of tons, and the world's resources are growing almost monthly. Most countries offer good rewards for strikes. Britain's Ministry of Supply, for instance, is guaranteeing £1,540 a ton for all ten per cent uranium oxide produced within the next ten years.

Brain Centre Of The Network

From the vast plant beside the derelict windmill in the Fylde, the hard, white metal—already the product of prodigious effort by an army of workers and scientists—travels southwards, 200 miles across country to Harwell, the brain centre of Britain's atomic network. Here, under the direction of Sir John Cockcroft, Rutherford's brilliant pupil, the Man Who Split the Atom, physicists, chemists, metallurgists, doctors, engineers work in half a dozen divisions, each the size of a university department. The problems of atomic energy are many-sided and each division in turn may have to bring its experience to bear before ideas, checked and counter-checked a hundred times, can go up to the production headquarters at Risley, near Warrington, for blueprinting. But for all the principal tool and testing ground is Gleep and Bepo—Harwell's two atomic piles.

Bepo—British Experimental Pile—is a big lilac cube of steel-faced concrete, thirty feet long, with a rail around the top. Two of its flat, smooth faces are punctuated by rows of small, square doors. But behind the six feet of protective concrete wall, the "pile" is in fact a pile of graphite blocks, machined to fit accurately together. Horizontally, in channels cut through the pure graphite, lie regular rows of uranium rods, encased in aluminium.

When a bomb explodes, the neutron projectiles fly outwards with uncontrollable speed. To harness the atom smoothly in peace their flight must be moderated. And one of the very few materials which will slow the hurtling neutrons without at the same time absorbing them is graphite—pencil lead. Its carbon atoms collide with the uranium atoms, slow them, but allow them to go through to find their target in the next uranium rod, sustaining the "chain reaction," slowly building up the release of energy.

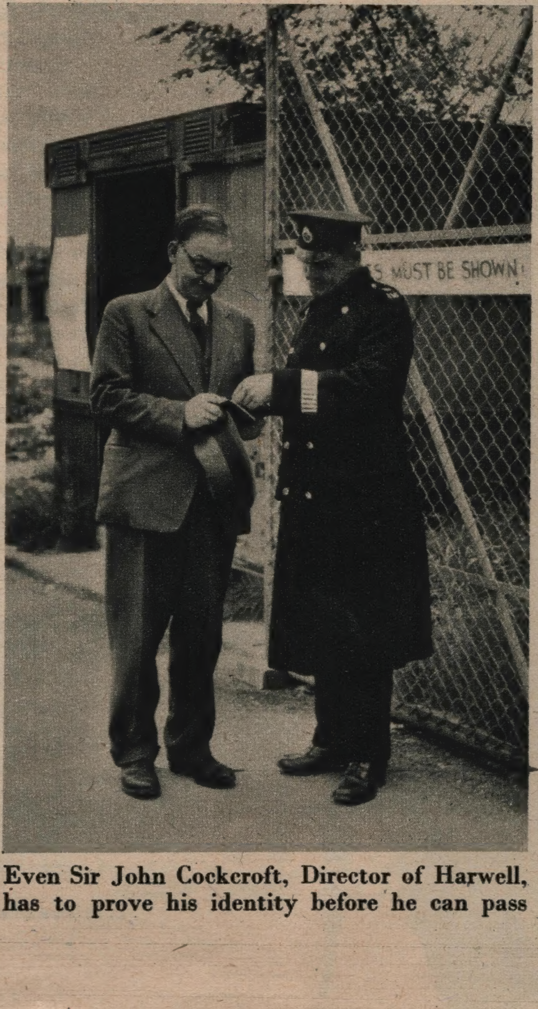
An atomic pile is higher mathematics realized, a masterpiece of Einsteinian abstraction. Given the correct quantities, the precise spacing, the critical formulas, its actual machinery of operation is simple. It is started up by simply drawing out a set of cadmium rods which run through the pile, mopping up its flying neutrons.

Sir John Cockcroft is not a man given to extravagant flights of fancy. Like most physicists at Harwell he is a family man. He has been described as looking more like a farmer than one of Britain's leading nuclear scientists. Yet Cockcroft talks of his pile as the "philosopher's stone," the philosopher's stone sought by the alchemists in pursuit of their age-old dream of transmuting the base metals. And Bepo is nothing less. Bepo can turn platinum into gold, iron into cobalt, bismuth into radium.

Inside the lilac cube, at the heart of the silent, seething mass, the neutrons hurtle by in massed fire—10,000,000,000,000 per square inch per second. Elements placed in their path are blasted, their atoms rearranged, turned into other elements. Through the forty doors in one face the research staffs thrust their specimen materials, analysing, charting the results, accumulating a vast new store of knowledge. Through other doors neutron beams are allowed to shoot as physicists use them to probe still further the secrets of the atom.

Obviously such a pile is a great experimental tool, opening up new worlds to the nuclear physicist. And this is Bepo's primary purpose. It is from Bepo that Britain is today drawing the first atomic dividends of peace. They are not the dividends the world is waiting for. Yet they are handsome dividends.

NEXT WEEK: The ingenious isotope—tool of the Atomic Age



Even Sir John Cockcroft, Director of Harwell, has to prove his identity before he can pass

The things

by OSCAR SCHISGALL

Laura was his only child. Everything he'd got, everything he'd worked for was for her. And now she didn't seem to want it

On the threshold he stopped, caught his breath. He could hardly believe what he saw. Laura stood there, smiling at him

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIMLOTT

JOHN GRAHAM SANK into a chair, exhausted. It was clear that further argument against his daughter's marriage would be useless. For hours this evening he had done his best. Now, with a hopeless wave of his hand, he said, "I give up. Do what you like."

Laura watched him, in anxiety, as he leaned back. He was forty-eight, but tonight he looked closer to sixty—a tall man, his brown hair already touched with grey, his long face sagging in every line.

She said, "Daddy, it isn't fair! The — the only thing you have against Bob is that he has no money. But gosh—*you* weren't rich when you married! You've told me a hundred times how poor you and mummy were."

"Certainly," he said, with a trace of bitterness. "We went through some pretty hard times. The point is *I* struggled for years so *you* wouldn't have to struggle now."

"But struggling together is part of the fun of being married!"

Graham hardly knew whether she was being extraordinarily keen or simply naïve. He looked at his daughter with a sense of helplessness.

Sometimes he marvelled over the fact that this vivacious, lovely young woman—so self-sufficient, so determined—was the same long-legged infant he used to lead to school by the hand. At moments like this she seemed a stranger whom he could neither control nor guide.

He was glad the telephone rang. It took Laura out into the hall and gave him a respite. He needed a moment alone to recover some emotional balance.

Drawing a deep breath, Graham gazed out of the living-room window. His home stood on the highest point of Flower Hill. From here he could look across the panorama of the town's lights, and on the other side, near the station, he could see the huge sign on the roof of his factory. It was the biggest electric sign in the whole district. It flashed on and off against the sky, its blazing ten-foot letters proclaiming: GRAHAM'S.

He had always regarded that sign with a good deal of pride, as the symbol of his success. Twenty-five years ago he had opened his first repair shop on Hewitt Street and nothing had been able to stop his growth. By the time his wife had died ten years ago, Graham's cycle works already dominated the industrial area near the station. And there it stood, two hundred yards long, occupying a whole square block. The monument he had erected with his life.

But for whom? he asked himself now. For what?

He felt utterly disillusioned. You built through the years with your hands and your brain and your heart. You told yourself, like a fool, that you were labouring so that you might give your family the best things you could wrest out of life. In the case of Laura it had meant a good school, summers in the South of France, a beautiful home—in fact, every aspect of gracious living that money and affection could provide. And if you were a father like John Graham, the only reward you asked was the satisfaction of seeing her take advantage of the blessings you had earned. Ultimately, too, it meant the joy of seeing her make a good marriage.

GRAHAM had never been a snob about his wealth, but it had been only natural to dream of having Laura marry into one of the county families. For a while he had thought it might be Colonel Orlin's son. Young Orlin had been driving up to the house almost every evening for months.

And instead Laura had fallen in love with Bob Leswick. He was slim and dark and earnest—a pleasant enough boy, but a complete nonentity. A young architect, just qualified. Penniless. He had been taken on by a local surveyor—at a beginner's salary, of course.

He looked up when Laura came back from the telephone to say, "That was Aunt Clara. Calling from Chester. She's coming to help with the wedding." But he said nothing.

When she had studied his tired face a moment, Laura went impulsively to sit on the arm of his chair. She put an arm around his shoulders. She ran gentle fingers over his hair.

"I—I hoped you'd be happier about all this, Daddy," she whispered. "*I'm* not afraid. Bob's really—wonderful. In every way. We'll make a go of things."

He patted the hand on his shoulder. He scarcely listened. It was inconceivable that everything he had built was so worthless that Laura could turn her back on it without a qualm. Didn't she realize that in doing such a thing she was destroying the very meaning of Graham's own struggles?

HE did the wisest, most practical thing he could think of doing. The next afternoon he sent for Bob Leswick. When they were shut in the privacy of his office, Graham spoke with deep earnestness.

"I want you to know, Bob," he said, his voice shaking a little, "that Laura's comfort, her well-being, is the most important thing in the world to me. I've got nobody *but* Laura."

"I appreciate that, sir."

"And I can't see how she's going to be happy—or even get along—on your salary." Graham leaned across the desk. "So I want you to come into the works with me, Bob."

The young man stared.

"You'll start as assistant to the general manager," Graham said. "In time you'll be general manager. I'll start you at fifteen hundred a year."

Bob's face lost colour. Sudden tension drew sharp lines around his mouth. He said, "I—I'm certainly grateful, sir. It's—very good of you. It really—knocks me over. But—" He shook his head. "I'm sorry. I—couldn't."

"Why not?"

"Well, I've aimed at architecture as long as I can remember. I know it sounds crazy to turn down fifteen hundred a year. But it—it isn't just a matter of shillings and pence with me. Architecture is the thing I want to *do*. Laura understands."

Graham looked down at the desk. In a grudging way he had to admire young Leswick for his stand. He felt helpless again. . . .

Within a week he discovered that he couldn't even give Laura the kind of wedding he had always planned—a brilliant affair in the Grand Ballroom of the Royal Hotel.

Laura gave an emphatic no. "Please, Daddy," she said, "nothing like that. Nothing so pretentious."

"Now look here," Graham protested. "I can afford it, can't I? By heaven, my own daughter's

we build

wedding, and if I want to spend——"

"Daddy," Laura said, "it just isn't in keeping with the way Bob and I are going to live. It would embarrass him and, if you want the truth, it would embarrass me, too. I want a small church wedding, and then we'll come home to a luncheon—a simple affair."

It left Graham thwarted and bewildered.

"And there's another thing," Laura said, flushing. They were at the dinner table. She toyed with her fork, watching it. "Last night Aunt Clara hinted that you intend to give us a—a whopping big wedding gift. Cash——"

"Well," Graham said, "I want to ensure some sort of comfort for you; even a bit of luxury."

"Thanks, Daddy." Laura spoke quietly. "I know how you feel, but—I wish you wouldn't do that."

Graham scowled. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Do you expect me to give my daughter a pair of salt shakers or something like that?"

Laura's flush was quite vivid now. "No, Daddy," she said. "If you really want to do something nice for us—something we'd love—well, Bob's designed a cottage that would be perfect for us. We could afford the upkeep, too, once it was built."

"Of course I'll pay for it!" he said, as if such a thing were not even worth discussing. "I'll furnish it, too! But if I want to do more——"

"No, Daddy," Laura said. "*That* would be wonderful!"

WHEN the wedding morning came, all too soon, Graham paced the living-room in his new morning coat, realizing that today he'd have to make some pretence of being cheerful. He ran a hand over the back of his neck. Somewhere, he knew, he had failed. He hadn't steered Laura the way he'd wanted her to go. Perhaps it was because he'd always been too preoccupied with the works. The factory itself now seemed almost a white elephant, huge and pointless.

He heard himself being called. Clara came down the stairs to tell him he could see Laura now.

He went up to her room. On the threshold he checked himself, caught his breath. He stared, and his heart began to pound. He could hardly believe what he saw.

Laura stood in the centre of the room in her long bridal gown. She had not yet put on the veil, and her hair shone in the sunshine that poured through the window. She was smiling, her eyes very bright. It was hard to realize that this young woman, so poised, so confident, so full of warmth, was his child. He felt a sudden wrench, wishing his wife might have lived to share this moment.

Graham whispered, "Laura—Laura, you're beautiful!"

He went forward unsteadily. When he spread his arms, she came into them, and he held her close, with a kind of desperation.

"Laura, dear——"

Her cheek was on his shoulder. "I—I'm glad," she said, "we're having this minute together, Daddy. Some things have me all—choked up. I don't know just how to—say them——"

"Don't try. I understand."

"No, I don't think you can," she whispered. "I mean, Daddy, how grateful I am——"

"Grateful? When you haven't let me do a thing?"

"Grateful for the kind of life I've had," she said. "You've given me—everything. The best of everything. It—it's been wonderful. There's no way of saying thanks."

FOR a moment, Graham looked at her in wonder, then stared at the wall. A sense of revelation caught him.

"There's another thing, Daddy," Laura spoke gently. "You know what's giving me the courage to go ahead on practically nothing? First, it's because I know *you* were able to start from scratch, and make a success. And second, deep down in my heart there's the feeling that we've always got you behind us like—the Rock of Gibraltar!"

Graham didn't know what he replied or what else Laura said. A new kind of confusion filled him, and he could drag no words out of himself. After a few minutes, his eyes were blurred with tears.

Clara, seeing him like that as he came into the living-room, said, "There's no use being miserable about it now, John."

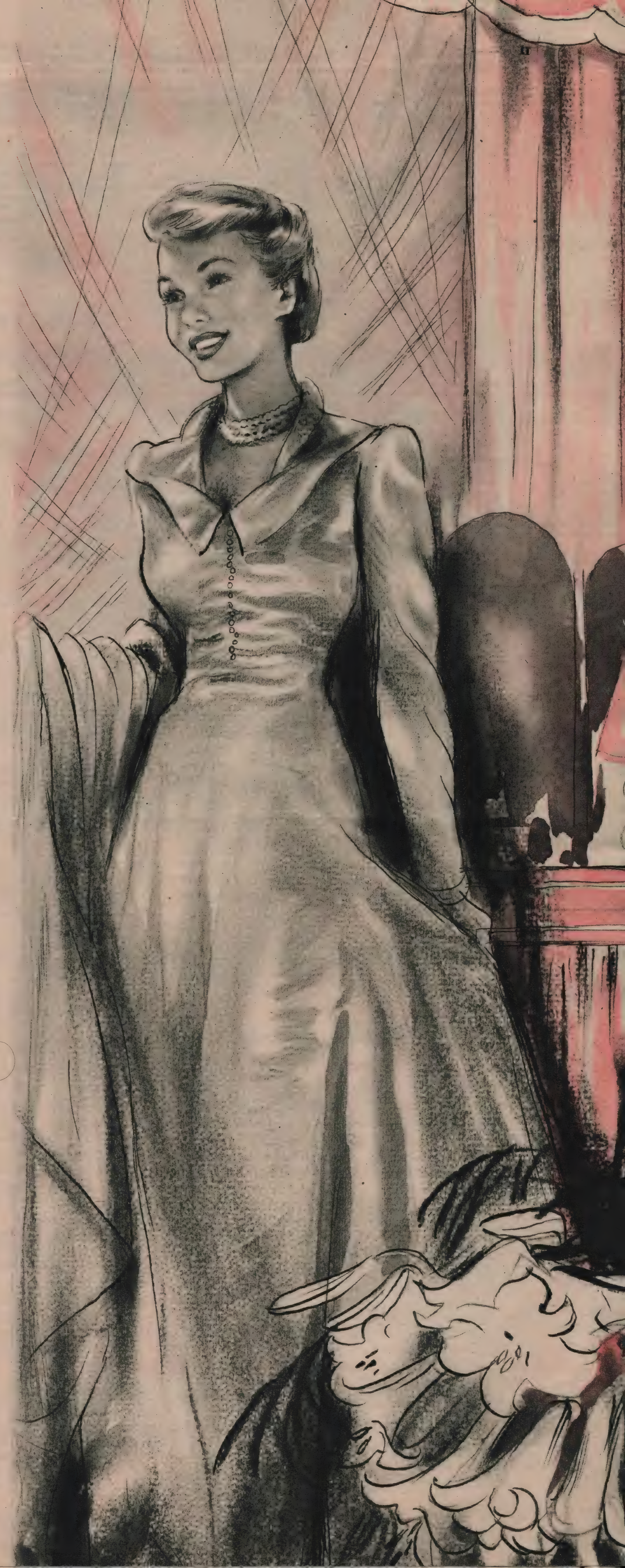
"Miserable?" Graham stared at her in amazement. "What the devil are you talking about?"

Clara could only blink.

"I feel — marvellous!" Graham said, his voice shaking. "I'm proud of those kids! They—they've got guts!" He looked up the stairs, then brought his eyes back to Clara. "All my life I thought I'd built only a bank account and a factory. My God, Clara, they're just symbols! You know what I really built? Courage in that kid of mine, and character, and confidence! That's what I've been doing all these years!"

He went to the window and looked out. Across the town, he could see the great Graham sign against the sky. He grinned.

"Clara," he said, "I've never felt better in my life. For the first time I *know* I'm a success!" THE END



He meets them all In Town Tonight

by *DENNIS HOLMAN*

For his microphone glamour, Peter Duncan has to cast his net far and wide. He'll broadcast with the stars—then walk out into the street and interview the first person he sees

Dancer Vera-Ellen laughs at one of Duncan's jok

THE MAN WHO claims to have presented the most orchids to beautiful film stars is neither wolf nor millionaire: he is Peter Duncan, a dark, thirty-five year old Scottish Londoner, an employee of the B.B.C. and editor-producer of *In Town Tonight*.

Duncan took over the programme three years ago. He has since acquired so many additions to his address book that the result is as varied a human cocktail as a lucky dip into London on a Saturday night ever produced. The book is alive because few of Duncan's "personalities" lose touch with him entirely; and for his part he is happy to talk about them if the time and place are chosen propitiously.

With enough encouragement he might begin: "When Carmen Miranda came to the studio to broadcast, she was wearing five-inch platform-soled shoes and an enormous display of fruit on her head. She said she got the idea from the girls in Brazil who carry fruit in wooden bowls on their heads, and I remarked that it looked good enough to eat.

"A few weeks later when I went to say goodbye to Carmen and her film director husband, Dave Sebastian, she was wearing the same concoction on her head. 'Have a banana,' Dave invited. Gingerly I reached up and touched one: it was real; I skinned it, ate it and it tasted good. 'What about an apple?' I asked next, pointing up. Carmen smiled from ear to ear, patting my stomach. 'You are fat enough,' she said. 'We put the banana there specially for you. The apple—that's for me, but not to eat.' "

Jane Russell Did The Trick

Two ingredients Duncan has consistently given his programme are glamour and variety. "I've got to mix 'em," he insists. "I want contrasts," he keeps telling his scriptwriters. Some of the effects of this policy have been strange. One week it was George Robey, the Prime Minister of Mirth, and Lee Savold. Savold turned out to be as silent as he was strong; so silent, in fact, that Danny Sewell, another boxer, had to do most of the talking—until Jane Russell came in on a wave of perfume. Up went Robey's eyebrows—higher still when the great, husky, silent boxer went into a huddle with the sultry phenomenon of American pictures. But it loosened his tongue. "Gee, Peter," he told Duncan, "I've always wanted to meet Miss Russell, but I had to come all the way to London to find we were both raised in the same state."

For a constant supply of glamour Duncan has to cast his net pretty far and wide. His spies are gossip writers and columnists in Hollywood and New York, who tip him off the moment anybody who matters even thinks of a trip to Britain; and the shipping companies and airlines phone him dates of arrival as soon as famous names appear on passenger lists. Most visiting celebrities are no longer as reluctant to broadcast as, perhaps, they used to be. Danny Kaye's advice: "There are two things you must do when you get to London—appear at the Palladium and get into *In Town Tonight*," has helped to overcome this reluctance. When Duncan met Hildegarde at London Airport she said: "I'm so glad you came. Friends were asking when they should tune in to hear me on your programme. I couldn't have faced them again if I hadn't appeared."

The Search For "Unknowns"

More difficult to find than celebrities are the unknown "personalities" with interesting stories to tell—because however good the stories are they've still got to be put over the microphone, and to conform with Duncan's prerequisite, contrast, they have to be as varied as the accents in which they are to be told.

"Three hundred people write to me every week, suggesting they appear *In Town Tonight*," he says. "But it's surprising how hard it is to find women—I mean women with stories." The 300 are narrowed down to about forty who are interviewed and auditioned by Duncan personally. "Remember one can't please everybody all the time," he adds, recalling the night he starred Betty Hutton, and her fans jammed the entrance to Broadcasting House, some with portable radio sets. In one of the parked cars a radio set was switched on, and two youths asked the owner if they could listen, not to Betty Hutton—they couldn't have cared less about her—but because Brian Johnston was going into the home dressing-room of the Arsenal Football Club for the programme's outside broadcast.

Occasionally, if he is stuck for a really "different" personality, Duncan will push aside his pile of letters and walk out and stop people in the street, asking for their life stories. It was on one of these missions that he found Ulf Christensen, on a bombed site in Bayswater, making coffee on a Primus stove. Ulf had just returned from a hike round America; he was hiking round the world "for to study the problems of the peoples of the world."

Duncan also has his talent scouts, friends like Sir Noel Curtis-Bennett, who write in if they know of anybody who might be useful. It is a considerate gesture and Duncan invariably follows up the contact; but when a mannequin rang one morning he detected the echo of a low wolf whistle. She wanted to know when she should come up for a rehearsal, as Mr. Duncan's scriptwriter, "Mr. Middleton," had already booked her. It so happened she wasn't the first pretty girl who had been promised a phoney booking; "Mr. Middleton" had been busy backstage at the Windmill Theatre, and in a few chorus dressing-rooms, wherever girls were likely to be found waiting for their "big chance." Scotland Yard was asked to investigate; the self-appointed scout has not been heard of since.

Work on *In Town Tonight* begins on a Monday morning, when Duncan goes through his "possibles" book and, if he has anything that might fill the bill, assigns his scriptwriters, George Fuller, K. G. Myer and Bertie Chapman, to interviewing the possibles. What Duncan demands are anecdotes, but these, he says, seldom come without hard extraction. "There are very few people like David Niven, who can reel them off without any effort at all."

A Visit From Twenty-three Chinese

One of Niven's stories tells of the time when he was broke and having everything charged to his bill in the hotel at which he was staying. One day the hall porter rang to say there were twenty-three Chinese waiting to see him and they would not go away. Niven did not want the hotel management to know they were from the laundry and had come for payment. He thought quickly, then brightly explained that he was going to one of Elsa Maxwell's freak parties, to which each guest had to bring a Chinese, the extra twenty-two being for friends. With the Chinese up in his room he agreed to work off the debt by doing deliveries. Two weeks later they offered him a job: Niven delivering laundry in his Rolls-Royce had been very good for business.

Dorothy Lamour's offering was about the film fan who asked for her autograph. "What did you think of my last picture?" she asked him. "You owe me a dollar sixty-five, it was so awful," the fan replied. Meekly Dorothy Lamour paid up, and saw the fan walk up to the bar and buy himself a bottle of beer.

The scripts usually take the form of questions to be asked by the programme interviewer, John Ellison, and the answers to be given by the personality. Stars react in various ways. Ronald

Every week, 300 people try to get into his show

Colman rehearsed his script in Duncan's office for three and a half hours, then took it home to get word-perfect. But Danny Kaye arrived just before the broadcast was due, tore up his script, ate a portion of it and then turned the show into a riot. Occasionally a personality cannot speak English. The script for Anton Karas, the zither man, contained all the English he knew—"Good afternoon; I love you; good morning." Then he played the Harry Lime Theme.

The week's personalities arrive at Broadcasting House at four thirty on a Saturday afternoon. They are given their scripts and rehearsed until five thirty, when they repair to the canteen for the *In Town Tonight* set tea, "at which we hear the stories that can't be told over the air." They are back in the studio at six for a straight run through with music and effects, then break for drinks before the stars start arriving at six forty-five. This is the moment Duncan chooses to present his orchids—to match her dress if he happens to know what the star is wearing. The orchids are in lieu of £3 the less celebrated get for expenses, though one film star's agent rang up after the broadcast to say she was disappointed with the orchids, and that the £3 would have been more useful.

Duncan's faint air of perpetual anxiety is from worrying whether at the last moment a star is going to let him down. Fortunately, this calamity has seldom befallen him. On one occasion luck, or rather a resourceful scriptwriter, provided substitutes in the shape of Tommy Trinder and two football club captains.

Nerves tauten as the broadcast draws nearer. "It's the real-life heroes and tough types who seem to get the most jittery," Duncan says. "And, of course, the moment the red light comes on everybody wants to cough." Once he had to take Jane Wyman outside so that she could relieve the tickle in her throat. He never breathes freely until the whole thing is over. In the middle of one broadcast Lord Brabazon's wristlet watch alarm suddenly went off: it would have been heard by the nation had Greer Garson not clapped her hand over the watch and turned it off. Another time Patricia Roc's pekinese broke loose and nosed angrily at John Ellison's trousers while he stood on one leg trying to shake it off.

"I suppose my nerves can stand it," Duncan adds. At thirty-five he has had sixteen years in radio, with experience of panic under all conditions, of tense moments with orchestras "frozen," their leaders holding batons aloft, and second hands jerking inexorably round clock faces.

Hotel Show Started It All

He cannot remember not being microphone, stage and film struck. After leaving school he worked in the Ekco factory at Southend, and devoted his spare time to amateur dramatics, longing to produce a radio show. By chance he discovered that the manager of the Queen's Hotel was a spare-time author who had written a radio play that the B.C.C. had read and returned. Duncan borrowed a public address system, microphones and gramophone equipment from an electrical store in exchange for advertising; he induced Southend repertory players to act for him, and on Sunday night produced the manager's play from an upstairs suite for hotel guests listening in the ballroom.

"Fortunately, Joyce Barbour, the actress, was there that night," Duncan recalls, admitting that her presence in the hotel was more by design than accident. Joyce Barbour suggested he should join the B.B.C. Duncan explained he had applied to the B.B.C. for a job every week for three years, receiving each time the same stereotyped reply to the effect that there were no vacancies. "In that case," said the actress, "I'll first have a word with Val Gielgud." An interview for Duncan was arranged and in due course he was given a job.

He joined the B.B.C. on Christmas Day, 1934, as an effects man in the drama department. He started on £2 a week and took ten years to reach £8 a week, the salary he had given up on leaving the Southend factory.

In Town Tonight has been running since Eric Maschwitz, then head of B.B.C. Variety, started it in 1933. When Duncan took over in 1947 he increased the glamour, tightened up on the scripts and "personalities," and introduced the outdoor feature, *Let's Go Somewhere*, in which Brian Johnston goes out every week, singing in the street for pennies, crouching under the rails as a train thunders overhead, riding bareback in a circus, getting shaved by the Crazy Gang and doing some of the other mad things people are supposed to have a yen to do.

Romance Over A Cup Of Tea

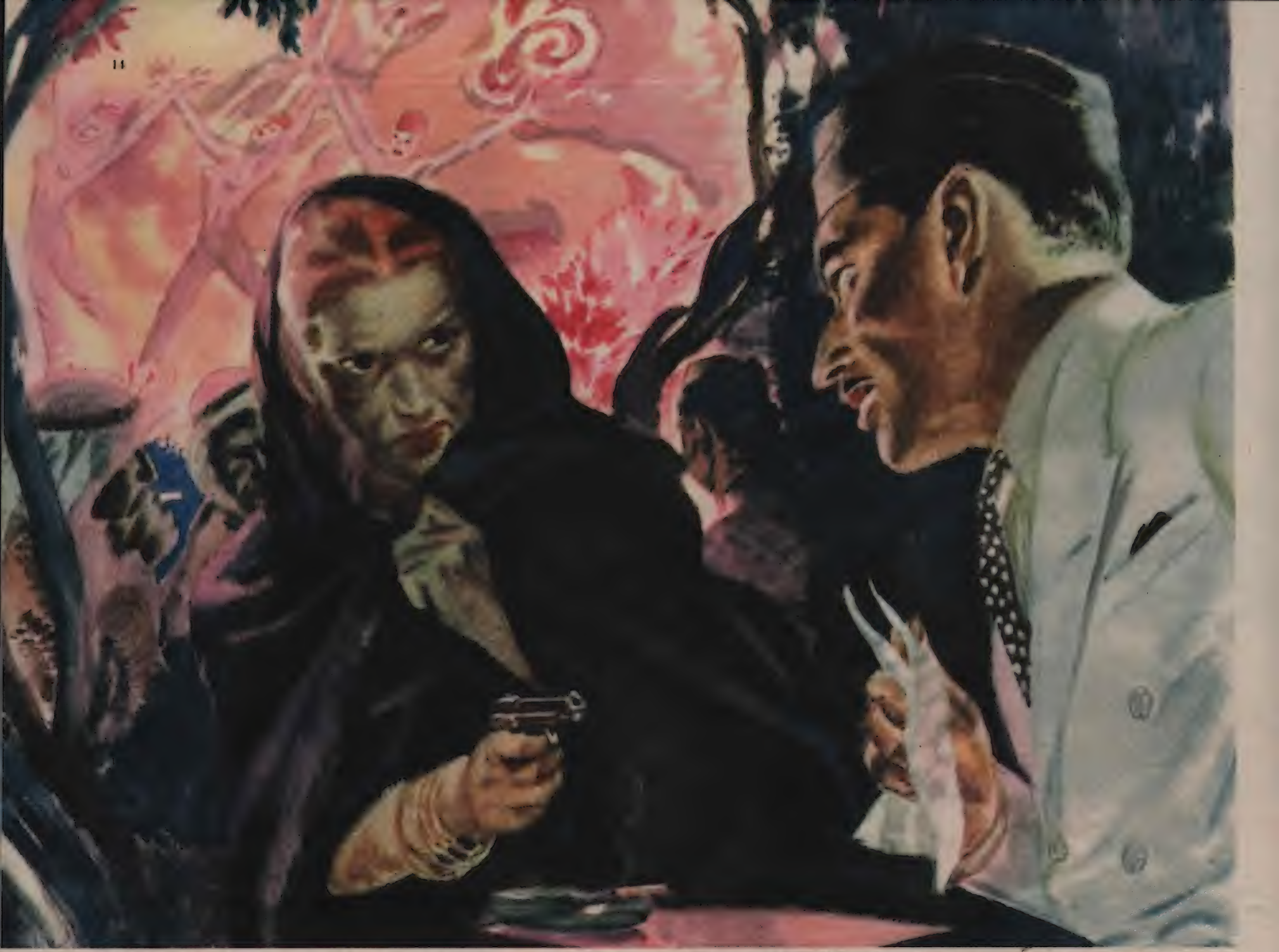
Having lived as he has, wrapped up in radio, it seems right and proper that romance should have overtaken Peter Duncan at the B.B.C. His wife is Sylvia Duncan, a Fleet Street journalist. They met on the day Edward VIII abdicated, after the cancellation of the Children's Hour programme in which Duncan was supplying the effects and Sylvia was acting. He asked her out for a cup of tea. They now live in Chelsfield, Kent, with two children, Andrew Peter, aged ten, and Tessa Mary, aged seven.

There is no public audience for *In Town Tonight*, because the studio used is not large enough, though the personalities bring their friends and Duncan himself occasionally invites a few guests. One night he met a woman he had seen at several cocktail parties. She said: "How did you manage to get in? It's awfully difficult. Of course, I happen to be a friend of Peter Duncan. By the way, we keep bumping into each other at parties. What is your name?"

"Peter Duncan," he said quietly. He still sees her at parties, but has noticed that she keeps to the other side of the room. THE END

"It's hard to find women with stories." Here Duncan talks to Eileen Cavella, barrow girl

Strong woman Joan Rhodes tore her way into a broadcast like this. Duncan looks impressed



Zawra sat with her back to the cabaret, a gun in her hand. "Give me the letter," she said quietly. Chafik was seeing the real woman at last

A QUALITY OF MERCY

by CHARLES B. CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

What was there between this woman of the cabaret and the prim civil servant? The answer could help Chafik to solve a murder

THEY FOUND THE BODY of Farouk at the back of the Zawra Cabaret, in a district of Baghdad where secret alleyways trailed in the mud of the Tigris River like the hem of a slattern's skirt. The man, whose record was as unpleasant as the rotting garbage of his deathbed, had been shot in the stomach with a small-calibre pistol. And he had been robbed.

The police picked up Hannah, a beggar sodden with drink. Concealed among his rags were Farouk's watch and a roll of bloodstained *dinar* bills. Hannah was sobered by the belt of a dour sergeant of the Criminal Investigation Department, who finally despaired of extracting the confession essential to the law of Iraq and brought the prisoner before his superior.

"This one is unco-operative," the sergeant complained.

The inspector in charge had the long head, high cheekbones and thin aristocratic nose of a people whose history was buried under the mud and dust of the drab land of his birth. His eyes were large, the colour of ripe olives. He was a neat little man and sat with elbows squared on the desk, slender hands clasped to display a signet ring. A cigarette dangled from his rather full lips.

"So he will not co-operate?" Inspector Chafik said. "But, my dear Abdullah, would *you* assist the hangman to stretch your neck?"

He turned to the report of the murder. Farouk, habitué of the Zawra Cabaret, had left shortly before midnight. The prudent constable in that district kept close watch on the people who frequented the cabaret, because their business was often outside the law. He remembered seeing the man enter the maze of passages between the cabaret and the river, but it was two hours before the body was discovered by a patrol. The report added that Farouk had been stripped, his clothing ripped with a knife, and the body abandoned; the shoes were found later in Hannah's possession.

Chafik said: "The taking of the shoes is understandable. But would a beggar destroy clothing needed for his naked back? The crime has the odour of frenzy."

Sergeant Abdullah said: "Sir, permit me to suggest he tried to destroy evidence, to bewilder identification of his victim."

"Such a one as Hannah knows nothing of evidence. And there is another point. No gun was found. Would he have thrown away such a valuable possession, yet retained the damning shoes and watch?"

The sergeant tightened the chain binding the arms of the prisoner and brought him to his

Continued on page 24

A miracle operation —and I hear again

by *ANNA FRIEL*

My doctor called it fenestration —the making of a new window for the ear. For me it was a window that opened out on to a new life

The tick of a clock, the voice at the other end of a phone, are rediscovered joys for Anna Friel

A SURGEON in the Glasgow Ear, Nose and Throat Hospital inserted a small glass tube far into my nose. My eyes watered. Then I sneezed and the tube fell to the floor and shattered. I did not hear it. "I'm sorry," I said. I was worried about the tests and what they would reveal.

"Nothing to be sorry for." The surgeon smiled. He inserted a fresh tube, removed it, and tapped a tuning fork against the edge of the table. Then he held the tuning fork above my head. Its high singing was quite faint. It was a shock to discover how weak my hearing had now become.

"Does anyone in your family suffer from deafness?" the surgeon asked. I told him none did. My palms felt clammy as, without suggesting a treatment, he indicated that the examination was over. I stood up and prepared to leave. "Can you tell me what's causing the trouble?"

"It appears that you've developed otosclerosis," he said.

"And what's that, please?"

How The Ear Works

He explained it to me. Normal hearing, he said, depends on a beautifully intricate mechanism. Sound waves make the ear drum vibrate, and these vibrations of the thin membrane sealing the outer ear are carried across the middle ear by three tiny, interlocking bones. One, which looks like a small hammer, is attached by its handle to the centre of the ear drum. This conveys the sound-wave vibration across the second little bone to the third, which looks like a tiny stirrup. The footplate of the stirrup fills what is called the oval window, between the middle ear and the inner ear. The inner ear, in turn, contains a fluid, and movements of the footplate of the stirrup in the oval window transmit the vibrations through this fluid which affect the nerves of hearing. Thus a sound wave striking the ear produces in the auditory nerve the sensations which we recognize as speech or music or noise of any kind.

In otosclerosis, the surgeon continued, there is an overgrowth of bone which affects especially the oval window. The tiny stirrup bone becomes progressively more and more fixed until finally all sound waves vibrating the ear drum get stuck at the stirrup footplate. They never reach the auditory nerve.

"I suppose that means an operation?" I asked.

"I'm sorry. There is nothing I or anyone else can do to restore your hearing." I forced myself to ask the question I dreaded: "Shall I go completely deaf, then?"

"Not completely. You will always hear certain sounds."

I thanked him and left the hospital. I boarded a bus and heard the conductor's "Fares, please!" I heard the starting and stopping bells and the voices of people around me—part of the everyday noises one takes for granted. I wondered how soon even they would be only a memory for me.

When I reached my digs I cooked a meal but found I had no appetite for it. I picked up a clock and used it to measure the extent of my deafness. The ticking was barely audible at two feet. Then I thought of my job as a shorthand typist and knew, suddenly, that it was as good as lost. My boss had already shown signs of irritation when, recently, I had asked him to repeat a word or an entire sentence. In my eagerness to hear I had grown nervous and over-anxious. With my eyes on my notebook I could not see the words as they formed on his lips. My work had always been a pleasure—as well as a necessity—to me. Now it was a burden.

I switched on the radio, trying to divert my thoughts, and remembered that in order to hear it clearly I had to have it so loud that it disturbed people in other parts of the house. I switched it off abruptly. I decided to see a film. The cinema was nearly full and the only vacant seats were well back, too far away for me to hear the dialogue well. I watched, trying hard to concentrate. I fidgeted. I observed the people around me, lucky people who seemed unaware of anything but what they heard. I left the cinema and walked home, feeling angry at the futility of this deafness which could not be cured.

Later, just to make sure, I visited another surgeon. He was sorry; nothing could be done. My employers, instead of letting me look for other employment, transferred me to clerical work, and for this I was grateful, but I missed my typewriter greatly. I had developed disconcerting head noises and somehow the rattle of the typewriter had seemed to drown them out. Now, in silence, I heard a whole orchestra of unbearable internal sounds.

I grew awkward in company. The strain of trying to take part in everyday conversation was exhausting, and I could relax only when alone. I began to avoid people. At my own request I was transferred to London. I hoped I might find a doctor there who could do something to make me hear. Still in my early twenties, there had been no reason why I should not look forward to a happy, normal life, but now I avoided thinking of my impending marriage. I felt that my present state of mind would not contribute towards a happy marriage, and it was with a feeling of relief that I found myself free of this obligation.

Sullen Mask Of Self-pity

I did not regret the decision, but the attitude which prompted me to make it seemed to result in a loss of interest in myself. My work became slipshod. I neglected my appearance. I haunted libraries and bought all the magazines I could find. Now I could barely hear the ticking of the clock when I held it close to my head—and only a year had passed since I had had my first examination.

One evening I caught sight of myself in a mirror. I had grown haggard; my face was a sullen mask. This, I knew, was the result of self-pity, and I determined to adopt a happier attitude.

Then, that evening, I found the first faint glimmering of hope. In a magazine I read an article telling of what was called the Fenestration Operation, which could restore hearing to people suffering from otosclerosis. (*Fenestra* is Latin for window, and fenestration is making a new window for sound waves to be conveyed again to the auditory nerve.) I read and re-read this article with rising excitement.

Next morning I called on a specialist at Westminster Hospital, taking the magazine with me. I watched his expression eagerly as he read the article. Then he looked up. " This operation," he said, " is at present being performed only in America." My hopes fell.

" How soon will it come here?"

" I'm afraid not for a very long time. Not every case is successful and some surgeons will have nothing to do with it."

But I was determined. " What have I to lose?" I demanded. He shrugged. " You could lose what little hearing you have." I told him I was willing to take the risk and then he admitted that, in my case, the operation could be performed.

I Enter Hospital

For two years I could find no surgeon to operate on me. At last, when I had almost given up hope, I found one while holidaying in Dublin who assured me there was every chance of success. Two weeks after this thrilling news I entered a Dublin hospital.

I was nervous, of course; it seemed to me that my whole future life depended on the success of this operation. I knew by now that there had been a snag to the early operations of this kind: what happened to the natural oval soon happened to the artificial one. The diseased bone grew quickly and closed over. All sorts of things had been tried to keep this new fenestra open—gold leaf, rubber and even platinum wire—with little success. Then an American surgeon, Dr. Julius Lampert, of New York, succeeded in keeping a window open by using a graft of skin and membrane continuous with the skin and membrane of the ear itself.

My new doctor had told me of some of the difficulties of the operation. Delicate to perform, it takes place under the light of a headlamp worn by the operator, who must also wear glasses magnifying the tiny structures up to two-and-half times normal size. The finest kind of dental drill is used to make the new window, and extreme care must be taken lest some of the bone dust fall into the fluid of the inner ear. Also, the ear must be irrigated constantly with warm saline and the field of the operation kept completely free from blood. " In fact," the surgeon said, " it is one of the most difficult and delicate operations ever performed. That is why only a few surgeons tackle it regularly."

He added that by now some thousands of people whose deafness was due to otosclerosis have been operated on here and in America. Eighty per cent of these cases have had good results. The operation, he said, does not cure the disease of the bone but, when successful, it does relieve the deafness. That was all right with me. What I wanted was a relief for my deafness.

I had a private room in the hospital and almost at once I regretted that I was not in a ward with other patients. Perhaps observing the activities in a ward would have relieved my tension. After tea, I settled down to read but the words were a senseless jumble. The door opened silently and Sister appeared. " I'm going to shave around your ear," she announced. She did so, then slipped my hair to the far side of my head and bandaged it in readiness for the operation which was to take place the following morning.

That night I was awakened and given the first penicillin injection in my thigh. I had heard this would be painful and was pleasantly surprised to find it only a mild discomfort. During the night I was given further injections. These were necessary to prevent infection of the newly operated ear.

As Clear As A Bell

At seven in the morning I arose and washed. I tried to relax. I was due in the operating theatre at a quarter past nine. Presently I was wheeled along seemingly endless corridors. Swing doors opened into a large white-tiled room. White-overalled men and women moved about silently. The sickly-sweet odour of anaesthetics was heavy. My heart thumped noisily.

I was transferred to the operating table. A huge theatre light glared blindingly into my eyes. I closed them but the light remained. Something covered my mouth and nose. I struggled. Someone gripped my hands. I heard the *ee-aw, ee-aw* of a sawmill. It went on and on and then everything was still. I slept.

It was dark when I awoke and a strange nurse was in my room. She smiled. " How do you feel?" she said. Her voice was clear as a bell. The man who had been able to perform this miracle, I thought, must be the most wonderful being alive. When I found my voice, I said: " Wonderful, Nurse. Just wonderful!"

In the next few days I lost some of this new hearing. I did not worry about it. I had been told this might happen and that it would probably be temporary. Mild attacks of dizziness kept me in bed for four days and, except for the continued penicillin injections, which were now painful, I enjoyed myself. I marvelled at the things I could hear. I could tell when someone was about to enter the room; footsteps in the corridor were quite clear, and when they paused outside my door I listened for the turning of the knob. I heard a child cry far off in some other part of the hospital. I heard the thunderous noise of street traffic. I made conversation with the nurses on any pretext for the sheer pleasure of hearing their voices clearly. I was surprised to find, when writing letters, that the pen made scraping sounds on the paper. I rustled the paper to hear the sound.

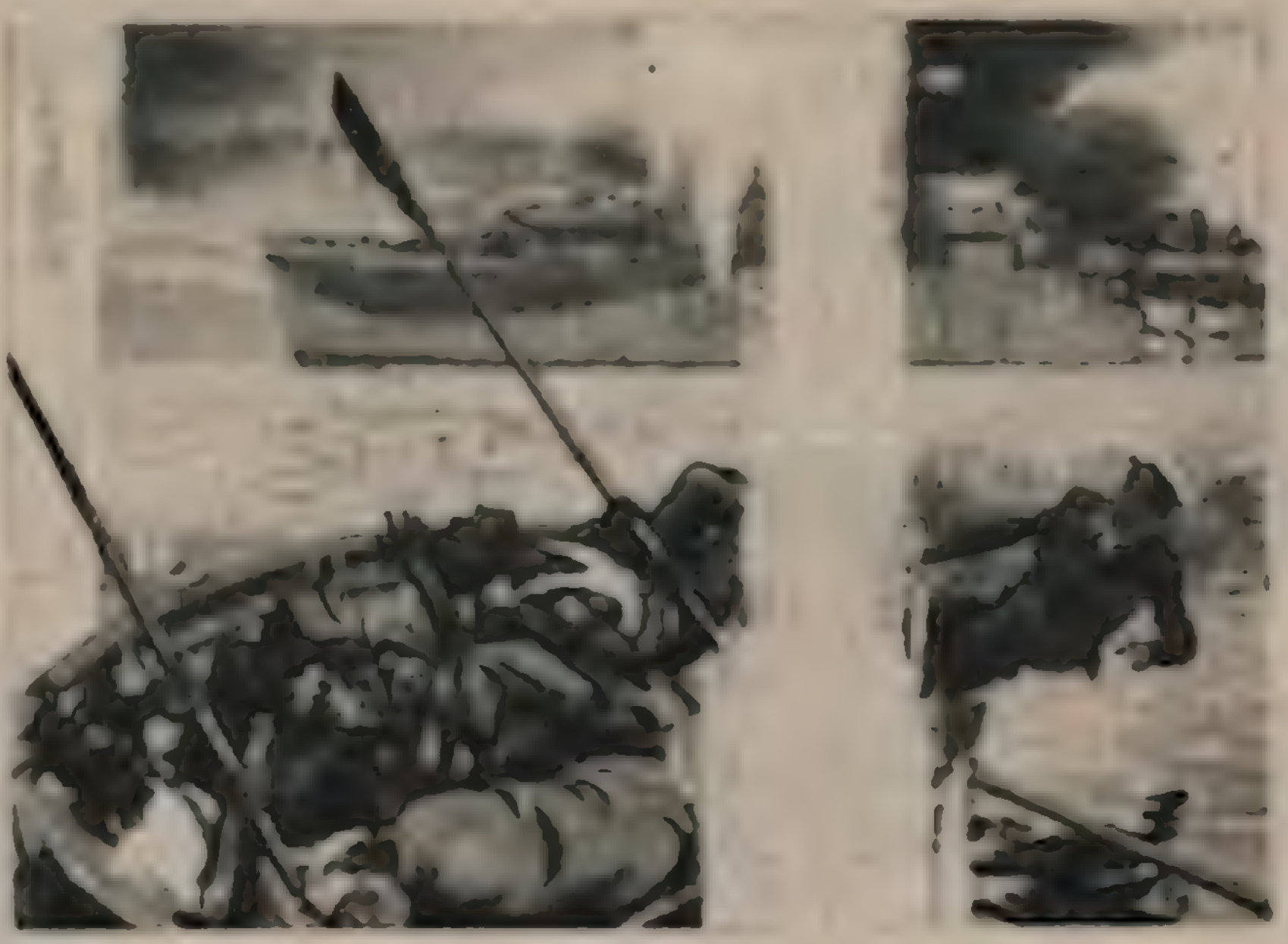
Twelve days after the operation I left the hospital. I noticed a slight loss of hearing about eight months later, but in the three years that have elapsed there has been no further deterioration, and I have been told I need expect none. The head noises have almost disappeared. I feel I have re-discovered life.

THE END

Epic new book starts in John Bull next week

YANGTSE INCIDENT

The stirring story of H.M.S. *Amethyst* told in full for the first time



On April 20, 1949, H.M.S. *Amethyst* was sailing up the Yangtse River on a peaceful, routine mission. Suddenly, guns of the Chinese Communists opened fire on her. This vicious attack proved to be an early pointer to the fast-developing war scene in the Far East.

The full story of the attack on *Amethyst* and her subsequent daring escape has never been told.

What *did* happen when the Communists opened fire on the ship? What was the picture on the bridge, in the wheelhouse, the engineroom? What adventures befell the company during 101 days of captivity? How did Lieut.-Commander Kerans plan his escape—and what were the feelings of his crew on that dangerous, night-long dash to safety?

Beginning next week, John Bull presents a dramatic and authentic reconstruction of the whole gallant episode when it serializes *Yangtse Incident*—one of the most stirring books of 1950, chosen as the *Evening Standard* Book of the Month for November.

The author, Lawrence Earl, spent months interviewing the crew. Their stories were checked and cross-checked—not because he doubted them, but because in the heat of action details are apt to go unnoticed, scraps of conversation forgotten forever. The result is a book that brings the entire *Amethyst* exploit vividly to life—telling not only what the crew did but what was said and thought at the time.

Next week's first instalment of *Yangtse Incident* in John Bull will appear almost simultaneously with the publication of the book. Each serial instalment is graphically illustrated with paintings by John Worsley, a former naval war artist, one of which is reproduced above.

Make sure you read this exciting serial. Place a regular order for John Bull with your newsagent now.

I WAS A FIRST OFFENDER (4)

Life in a prison without bars

ANONYMOUS

Right to the end, it was the same: Instead of being helped on the road back, we were embittered and brutalized—and some of us were given lessons in crime . . . Concluding a revealing John Bull series on prison life

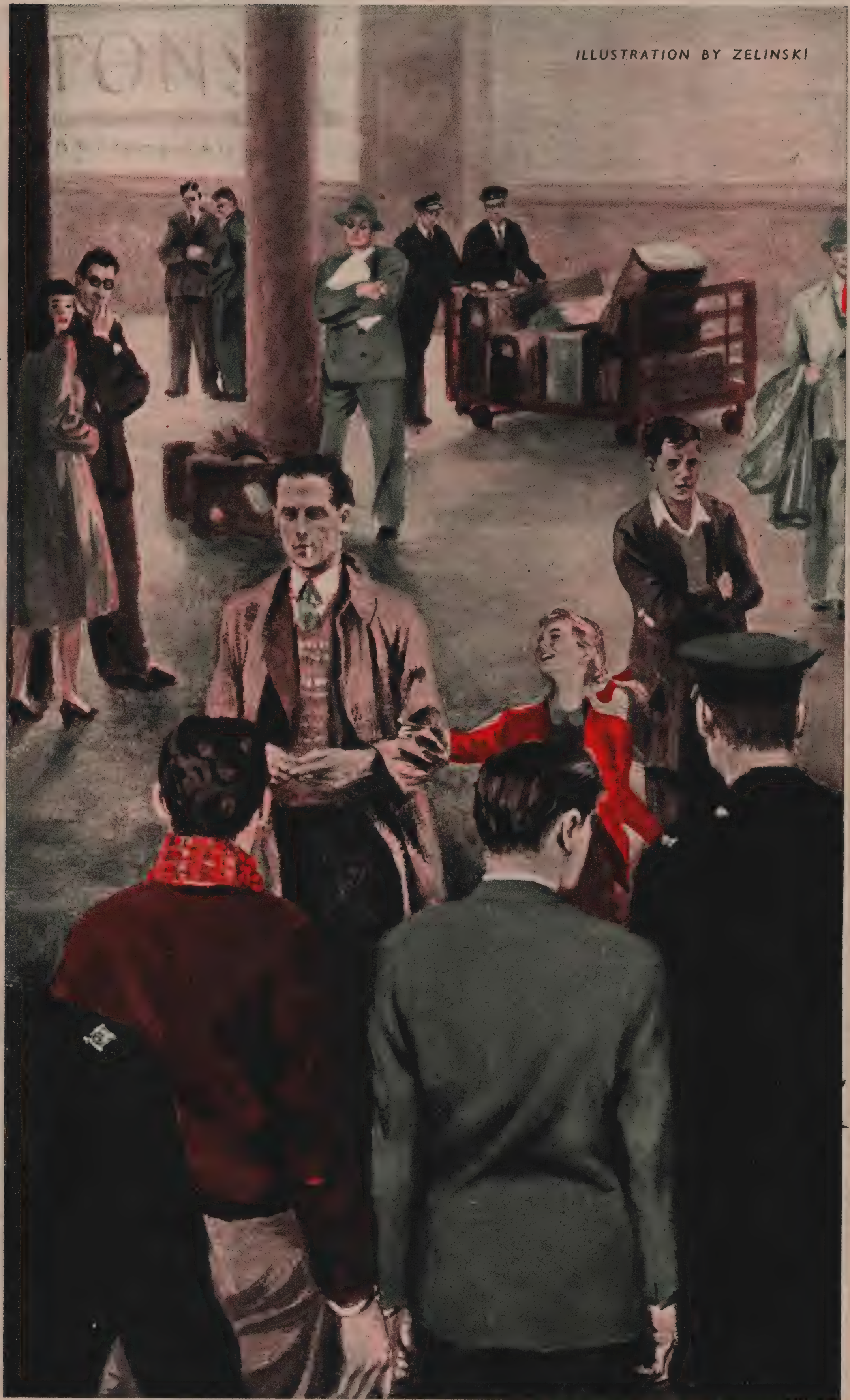


ILLUSTRATION BY ZELINSKI

"Handcuffed, we marched through the crowd. No one seemed to think of us as human beings"

WHEN THE NEW CATEGORY of imprisonment known as Corrective Training was first introduced in the hope of redeeming potential old lags, nobody had seriously tackled the problem of accommodation. Some prisons such as Chelmsford were completely emptied and reserved exclusively for C.T.s. The old lags were sent to old lag prisons and first offenders transferred to Wormwood Scrubs, which was already overcrowded with first offenders from the London area. To make matters worse, an entire wing of the Scrubs was earmarked for C.T.s and had to be emptied at short notice. Those of us living there were given an hour's warning by a harassed P.O. to move back to C Hall, from which we had been transferred only ten days previously to make room for the first offenders from Chelmsford.

The confusion was indescribable when large numbers of first offenders from Wormwood Scrubs began to be transferred to prisons in other parts of the country. Each day, long lists of names were called out and then cancelled. The medical staff had to examine hundreds of men in addition to the normal sick.

Rumours Made Us Restless

Nobody knew when he would be sent into exile. All sorts of prisons and open prisons were mentioned as possible destinations. Warders added to the confusion by telling prisoners that the whole of Wormwood Scrubs was to be evacuated within a few days. Others said a few weeks. Frantic letters were sent home telling wives and mothers not to make the next visit. As some of the transfers were destined for parts of England far beyond the financial means of access for many, the Governor was inundated with requests for special visits. Since all transfers travelled in their own clothes, the prisoners who pressed the suits of those due for release were working overtime. Motor coaches drew in to take away each day's batch. Uncertainty and excitement made work almost impossible.

My turn came after two weeks. About twenty-five of us were called out one morning and given the usual superficial "medical." That afternoon we rushed round paying our debts, collecting what was due to us or saying goodbye to those left behind. We were not told officially where we were going but we heard from a reliable source that it would be an open prison in the West Country. Most of us welcomed this promise of a change, fresh air and better conditions.

Next morning we were handcuffed in pairs and taken to a waiting motor coach sent from Exeter with an escort of three officers. Rolling through the streets of London, the Berkshire lanes, the villages and towns of the West Country, was exhilarating beyond words after being cooped up in the dry dust of the Scrubs.

At Exeter Prison we were told we should all be going to the open camp a few miles away after a day or two. We entered the reception centre. There were several differences from the

Continued on page 28

Hikers take over the Pennine Way

by KEITH ELLIS

They've fought the keepers on the moors and landlords in the courts. All to open the road over England's wildest country

A FEW MONTHS AGO a gamekeeper with a large stick stopped a party of ramblers on Kinder Scout, a desolate plateau which contains the highest point in the southern Pennines. "Don't you know this is private land?" he demanded. When the leader reasoned with him, he hit him across the back. The rambler seized his stick, breaking it on his knee, and pushed the keeper, who fell head over heels into a grough, one of the deep channels that score the peat on Kinder.

When the man had scrambled out, the rambler was ready waiting. "Here is my name and address," he said. "Now I want yours. I'm going to charge you with assault and battery." It was only produced after he had threatened to follow the keeper home.

That night the rambler rang up Frederick Heardman, landlord of the Nag's Head at Edale, a tiny village that nestles at the foot of Kinder Scout, halfway between Sheffield and Manchester. "What do you advise?" he asked. "Drop it," said Heardman. "A case now might jeopardize the implementation of the National Parks and Access to the Countryside Acts." Unquestioning, the rambler did so.

His party had been walking over country that will shortly be traversed by the Pennine Way, a ramblers' highway that is to stretch from Edale to Kirk-Yetholm, a village just over the Scottish border. The legislation Heardman mentioned alone makes it possible. Its 250 miles will cross some of the wildest country in England. Experienced ramblers should be able to stride it in a fortnight; weekenders will attack it piecemeal.

Walkers of both kinds will meet Heardman in the cosy bar of the Nag's Head. A stocky figure whose agility belies his fifty-five years, he may, if he has time, accompany the rambler on the first stage of his journey. Besides being an innkeeper, he is a member of the Peak District National Park Committee; he has climbed extensively in the Pennines, the Lakes, Wales, Scotland and the Alps. On an average he spends three days a week roaming the magnificent hill country that lies just beyond his back door.

Footprints Will Mark The Way

The Pennine Way, a project on which he has long been keen, will probably be opened next spring. In the words of its begetter, Tom Stephenson, secretary of the Ramblers' Association, it will be "no Euclidean line, but a meandering way deviating as needs be to include the best of that long range of moor and fell; no concrete or asphalt track, but just a faint line on the maps which the feet of grateful pilgrims will, with the passing years, engrave on the face of the land."

Thus it will span Kinder Scout and Bleaklow and Black Hill. It will pass through the Brontë country within two miles of Haworth itself. By Airedale, Malham and Fountains Fell it will cross Penyghent to Wensleydale, renowned for its cheese. Tan Hill, England's highest inn, lies on the route to Birkdale Farm, the loneliest in the Pennines. Next comes High Cup Nick with its view of the Lakes and Cross Fell, 2,930 feet above sea level. This is the highest point in the Pennines. From there, the path will cross the Tyne and the Roman Wall to the Cheviots, eventually reaching Cheviot itself. Turning back to the Border Fence it will cross over The Schil and descend to Kirk-Yetholm, the terminus for English walkers. Scottish youth hostellers hope to continue into Scotland.

When the route recommended by the National Parks Commission has been approved by the Minister of Town and Country Planning, footpaths will be established across the sixty-odd miles of country not covered by existing rights of way. This, together with the Access to the Countryside Act, will enable ramblers to penetrate what was formerly forbidden territory. When Heardman walked over these hills before the first World War, the gamekeepers' strictness deterred many walkers. "I can count on the fingers of my hand those who went up Kinder regularly," he says.

Free Fights On The Hillsides

Although keepers could, and still can, use reasonable force in ejecting trespassers, unnecessary violence sometimes caused free fights. Unless damage is proved, a trespasser cannot be prosecuted. One Peak landowner became so exasperated with the blatant incursions of a well-known Sheffield rambler that he went to the trouble and expense of obtaining a court injunction against him. This proved wholly effective. The rambler did not risk another visit until the recent passing of the National Parks Act. As their rights are to be curtailed anyway, landowners have tended to be less strict since then.

The perpetual struggle between the keepers and the small band of regular ramblers brought about a certain camaraderie between them. One fierce old keeper spent every Sunday morning scanning the Derwent Valley approach to Bleaklow through his telescope. Heardman knew his every movement. The keeper knew that he knew. Whatever he did, he was unable to catch the trespasser. One morning, Heardman and his friends were cooking breakfast in a remote shooting-cabin in which they had spent the night. Without warning, the keeper strode in. "Caught you red handed this time, eh?"

"Do you like our stoves?" asked Heardman when the keeper had resisted the bribe of a cup of tea. "Just the thing for making a brew out on the hills in cold weather. I've got a spare one at home. Might be just the thing for you."

"I suppose it might," grunted the keeper. That night Heardman posted it on. "Here's the stove and here's my name and address," said the accompanying letter. "You win after all." Ever after, they were good friends. Nowadays

Heardman gives some advice.

Now landowners and ramblers sit down together. Heardman presides over a footpaths committee

The Pennine Way, he says, is good training for climbers. But it can be dangerous for those who take it too lightly or are wearing the wrong kind of clothes

when Heardman intends to ramble over private land he rings up the keeper first.

Bribery was not the only way to deal with a keeper. Another was to pretend to be a foreigner. A friend of Heardman's once saw a huge *Keep Out* notice at the bottom of a private drive. Ignoring it, he walked up—straight into a keeper. "Didn't you see the notice?" the man barked. "I don't speak English," said Heardman's friend in German. The keeper's face softened. He explained, in German, that the man was trespassing. "I'm sorry," came the answer. "I come from south Germany—we speak only in dialect."

"Excellent," said the keeper in the appropriate dialect, "I was a head keeper in Bavaria for years." Heardman's friend admitted defeat. "Where do you want to go?" asked the keeper.

"Kinder Downfall."

"For your cheek you can. And I'll show you the way."

Ramblers will not have their walks enlivened by such incidents when the Pennine Way is established, but they will be able to plan their trips without fear of being turned back. Landowners will be compensated for any damage, and the moorland, though not the footpaths, may be closed during the breeding and shooting seasons. Few people will be aggrieved. Expense has caused grouse shooting to decline since the war.

Syndicates Have Taken Over

Whereas previously most of the shoots on Kinder were reserved to their owners, all but one are now let to syndicates. Membership of a syndicate costs something like a hundred pounds a year. In addition, the cost of guns, ammunition, petrol, beer and up to fifteen beaters at ten to fifteen shillings a day has to be shared at each shoot. The decline is best shown by the state of Four Jacks Cabin, once a tight stone hut with glass windows and a wall down the centre to separate the servants from their masters. The broken windows are now plugged with stones. The roof is botched with tin cans and corrugated iron. The dividing wall has disappeared.

The monopoly of the moors by grouse shooters for long infuriated ramblers. Every year before the war there was a demonstration for "Access to Mountains" in the Winnatts Pass near Castleton. In 1932, 400 people gathered at Hayfield for a mass trespass on Kinder. Police and keepers were out in force. There was a clash and, at Derby Assizes, five young men were given jail sentences ranging from two to six months.

This frustration, leading to violence, inspired Tom Stephenson to suggest the Pennine Way. He cited the Appalachian Trail in the United States, a footpath that stretched 2,000 miles from Maine to Georgia. In the Pennines it was already possible to walk a continuous 180 miles by existing rights of way. As for grouse shooting, Stephenson claimed that the yield of birds had not suffered on the moors to which the public had been given access. Proper footpaths tended to prevent trespassers tramping haphazardly over the breeding areas.

A conference of delegates representing most of the open-air organizations decided to form a Pennine Way Association in 1938. Stephenson was elected secretary. A memorandum advocating a Pennine Way sent to the Scott Committee was mentioned favourably in the report. The National Parks Report also recommended the scheme. In May, 1948, Tom Stephenson had the pleasure of leading Hugh Dalton, now the Minister of Town and Country Planning, and five other M.P.s over part of the proposed route.

There is still much to be done. The problem of accommodation will be partially solved by the addition of eight more youth hostels to the present sixteen on or near the Way. Details of the route may be modified after consultation with local councils. Simple bridges, perhaps consisting of a single plank, must be placed over a number of streams. Wooden stiles must be built over walls to prevent their being broken down. Signposts must be provided in the valleys and cairns on the tops. The work will be done at weekends and holidays by volunteers.

The Pennine Way, Heardman believes, is a good preparation for climbing elsewhere. He himself spent nights out in his mackintosh before he knew what a sleeping-bag was. Later, like many other ramblers, he graduated to the Lakes, Scotland and the Alps. He and a friend were once commended by an Alpine guide on their ability to walk through snow. "We were well trained on the peat groughs of Kinder," he says.

During the past twenty-five years there have been only three deaths from exposure on Kinder. One fatality was a young man whom Heardman himself had introduced to hill walking a few weeks before. He fell behind his party in a sudden mist. When they found him seven days later he was in a sitting posture on the edge of a grough, a map and compass in his hand.

These deaths might have been avoided, Heardman believes, if the victims had been suitably clad. He himself wears sports jacket, flannel shirt, flannels, thick socks and climbing boots. "Khaki drill may be pleasant on a hot day, but you never know how the weather is going to turn out." Well clad, with map, compass and a reserve of food, the rambler has little to fear on the Pennine Way.

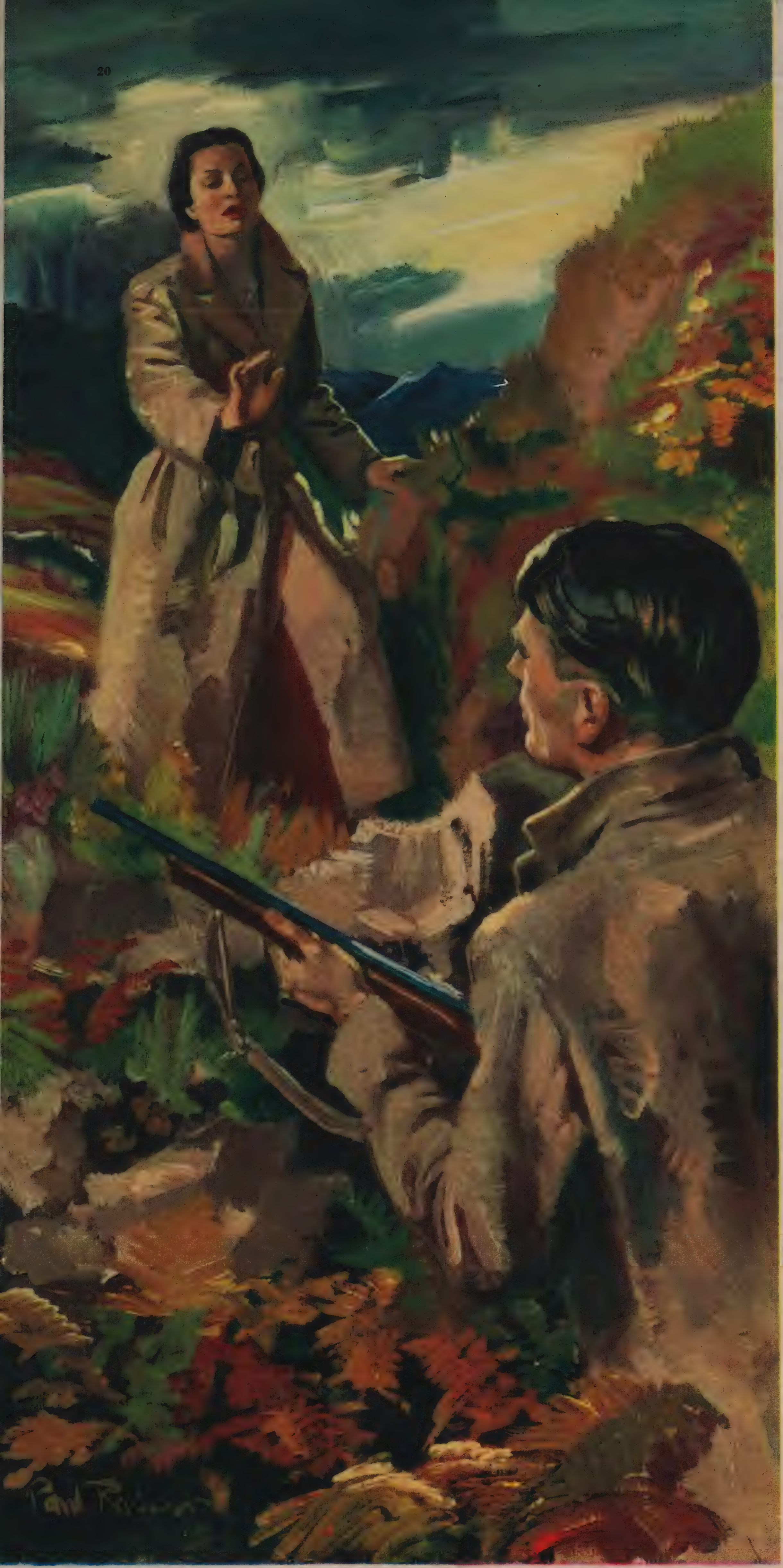
The Rowdies In Loud Shirts

It is possible, however, that his enjoyment may be spoiled by rowdies. There was a particularly bad outbreak in the Peak District just before the end of the war. Mobs of hooligans wearing loud shirts and hats inscribed *Kiss me quick* and *Ain't it a lovely day?* did considerable damage to farm buildings and crops in the Hope Valley. Some of the more adventurous ones touched the approaches to Kinder. Heardman points out a crevice in which had stood a fine tower of stone, "a miniature Nape's Needle." Now only a heap of fragments remains. In another place, two rocks grew together like stalagmite and stalactite on a hillside. The lower one was recently smashed.

It is likely, however, that rowdyism will never spread beyond the southern tip of the Pennine Way. Two hundred and fifty miles of hard walking do not appeal to those in search of easy pleasure. During the war, Kinder and Bleaklow were used for training parachute troops. One night in the Nag's Head, Heardman suggested to their C.O. that a group of volunteers should attempt the Pennine Way. Although tired after a two-day scheme, every man was game. Setting out from Wooler, then the proposed terminus, they reached Cragg Vale in six days, confident of doing the remaining fifty miles inside the week. They were thwarted. A dispatch rider waited with orders for them to return to their unit. Two days later they were dropped at Arnhem.

Their C.O. told Heardman later that during the fighting he heard them shouting to each other from the slit trenches: "What price High Cup Nick now, boys? How about a pint at the Nag's Head?"

THE END



It was Anna. "Don't move," she shouted. "He's up there on the hill, and he's got a rifle"

SECRET OF THE BLACK BRAE

by

MACDONALD HASTINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL RAINER

Robert was going to shoot to kill. It was he or Daggers now. And Daggers had Anna

As thunder roared across the sky, Montague Cork, general manager of the Anchor Accident Insurance Co., and Robert Shipley, a rugged young employee, raced through the night to find Anna Pryde. Anna, Cork suspected, had gone to meet Gabriel Daggers, a sinister, half-mad murderer.

A few months after Daggers had taken out a £25,000 policy, a body identified as his had been found in a Highland river, apparently after a fishing accident. The money was left to Anna Pryde, a famous young ballerina, on condition that she did not marry for three years.

The strange clause heightened Cork's suspicion, shared by Anna, that Daggers was not dead After finding Daggers's fishing bag in the river, weighted down with stones, they noticed the glint of binoculars watching them from the hills. Robert stalked and fought the watcher, but the man escaped, and tried to make off in Cork's car. The car crashed—it had been tampered with—and the man was killed.

Other people, too, were interested in Daggers. At the hotel were Madame Breuvart, a Frenchwoman, and Kurt, a mysterious foreigner, who passed himself off as a photographer.

That night Cork heard a car drive off. It belonged to another guest, Colonel Johnson, but the colonel was not in it. Anna was.

Cork realized instinctively that Anna pitied Daggers and had gone to meet him. Taking the hotel car, he and Robert drove after her. They had not gone far before a voice spoke from the darkness of the back of the car. "Keep going," it said. It was Snatcher, a local poacher whom Daggers had used as a ghillie. And Snatcher had a gun.

PART 5

Face To Face With Daggers

Mr. Cork looked straight in front of him. He said at last: "So it's you, Snatcher. What do you want?" And the voice replied instantly: "You're to do as I tell you and drive

Continued on page 31

Accompanying him on night shift, Arthur Whittington, John Bull photographer, took this dramatic picture of Fossey tending a street casualty

Night call for the pets' doctor

by LISA MOYNIHAN

Trouble in a dog's life—and the animals' emergency service goes into action. Even patients up trees or down sewers get treated

IT WAS TWO O'CLOCK in the morning. In a small but bright basement room off Piccadilly, the telephone shrilled urgently. Donald Fossey, of the Night Emergency Service of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals, was half way into his white coat as he picked up the receiver.

"Will you come immediately—my dog is having a fit," said an agitated feminine voice. She gave an address in the Essex suburb of Ilford and explained that, since she was herself expecting a baby within a matter of hours and her husband was away, this was a priority case.

"It was more of an emergency than I imagined," Fossey recalls. "When I arrived, the woman was in hysterics. All the lights had fused, and her mongrel dog was circling madly in fits. First I calmed the animal with a sedative. Then I mended all the fuses. Finally I gave the woman what little solace I could. I tell you, I was a relieved and happy man when the doctor arrived."

This incident is typical of the activities in which Fossey and his colleagues have taken part since the P.D.S.A.'s Night Emergency Service came into being two years ago. He has operated in deserted spots by the light of a bicycle lamp. He has crawled down railway tunnels, swum in canals, climbed down sewers, up trees and into quarries on rescue missions.

Recently he climbed a roof in Bermondsey to save a cat (the animal which seems to get itself into awkward scrapes most frequently). He arrived in time to see this one crawling along a narrow ledge from which it could easily have fallen to death. The only way to reach it, he saw at once, was through a window and up a thirty-foot drainpipe. This was obviously not a one-man job. Fossey called in Harry Dobson, in charge of the P.D.S.A. stables at Ilford, to give him a leg up. He managed to reach the cat and, holding one hand around the terrified creature, climb down the drainpipe.

Then he phoned head office to report. "Rush right over to Chiswick," he was instructed, and given an address. This was the case of another cat. "It certainly took my mind off the first," Fossey relates. "It was foaming at the mouth and jumping high into the air. Its owner had bathed it in D.D.T. to rid it of fleas—despite the warning on the label that this should not be used on the sensitive skins of puppies and kittens. The owner was not entirely to blame, since D.D.T. is usually safe when used with care on animals of five months and older. Her cat was eight months old."

Fossey spent six hours with the cat. He administered a general anaesthetic—although the owner had given it up as dying. The spasms eased. In three days the cat was healthy again.

On another occasion, the Chingford police phoned to say that a cow was stuck in a bog. On all large-animal cases, the horse ambulance from Ilford is called in. "We found the cow stuck in eighteen inches of mud," says Fossey. They roped the animal and hauled it out but, unfortunately, she was in the last stages of pneumonia and had to be killed.

Besides cows, cats, dogs and horses, Fossey has been called to the rescue of such uncommon creatures as monkeys, swans, baby owls, a hawk and once even a stormy petrel. He is not likely to forget a certain monkey in the East End. A call came through that it had gone mad. When Fossey arrived, it had been locked in a cupboard and its much-mauled owner gave a gruesome description of what it was likely to do. A trifle nervously, Fossey prepared a large muzzle and donned strong gloves. Then he opened the cupboard door. The monkey stuck his face out to have a look—right into the waiting muzzle. It was as simple as that.

Donald Fossey joined the P.D.S.A. staff eleven years ago when twenty-three, having, even as a boy, had a hankering for animals. He began a five-year training course at the Ilford sanatorium in order to become a fully fledged technical officer, but this was interrupted by the war. After his Army service he returned to his training. "It was rather like going back to school," he says. "The course included anatomy, physiology, diagnosis and pharmacology. There was also horse management, training to be a lethalist, performing castrations and helping generally in the surgery and on the wards. The training fits us to perform any kind of operation or treatment on animals—anything from mending a canary's broken leg to relieving a horse suffering with colic."

Fossey believes that the saddest job he has ever done came just after the war broke out, when he had been at Ilford only six months. "For a solid week we were urged by owners to carry on a night-and-day destruction of their pets. They came for miles around and people would leave their cats and dogs tied to pipes outside the San."

Thousands Of Cases A Year

Since his return to the P.D.S.A. after the war, Fossey has handled between two and three thousand cases a year. He and his two colleagues, superintendents Cecil Harris and Victor Fitzpatrick, who operate the daytime ambulance service as well as the night emergency service, work shifts of twenty-four hours on duty and forty-eight off.

Because of the unusual complications which sometimes come with his emergency assignments, Fossey finds it useful to develop skills which were not included in his five-year course. Not long ago he had to rescue a kitten from under the floor-boards of a house in Hendon. After borrowing tools and removing some of the floor, he got a six-year-old boy—just the right size for the job—to reach in for the kitten. Fossey treated the animal for shock, hammered the floor back into place and went on to his next rescue.

Now and then cases turn up which are not, in the strict sense, emergencies. "Recently a welfare officer rang from Chelsea," Fossey says, "and told us that an elderly woman was going into hospital. Could we take her cat? We agreed to care for it until she came out. When I went to fetch it I was touched to find a soiled envelope with 'For Kitty's food' scrawled on it. Inside was five shillings. The P.D.S.A. relies on voluntary contributions, but we returned that five bob."

One of Fossey's few complaints is that there are people who, perhaps unthinkingly, abuse the Night Emergency Service. "Many people call us out in the night when they could have taken their pets to a nearby dispensary during the day," he says. "Sometimes we get ludicrous 'emergency' requests. One woman rang up at ten o'clock one night to ask if I would come over and clip her dog's claws."

Every Shift Is Crowded

Lazy pet owners of this kind would be more considerate if they spent a crowded twenty-four hours with Fossey. Even after he reports back after a busy shift at ten in the morning, he makes out a report of the day's cases and, after that, cleans and re-equips the ambulance.

It is fortunate for him that his wife and two sons share his love of animals. Fossey's "funny hours" are accepted by his family as being all in a good cause. His Dagenham home happens to be over a P.D.S.A. dispensary, but his off-duty hours are strictly his own. Nevertheless, he was awakened from a nap in the garden by the voice of David, his seven-year-old son, one day. "Yes, madam," David was saying. "No, madam. You should have brought him sooner, madam."

"What on earth are you playing at?" Fossey asked, noting that junior was wearing his freshly laundered white coat. "I'm being you," the boy replied.

THE END

P.D.S.A. 14, CLIFFORD STREET, LONDON W.1
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76

As soon as the injured animal can be moved, it goes into the ambulance. Fossey's complaint is against pet owners who abuse the service. Once he was called out to clip a dog's claws

Puzzle boxer gets his chance

by *STANLEY RUSSELL*

Some critics rate Jack Gardner as a novice—yet he is due to fight Woodcock for a title and a fortune

Jack Gardner beat Johnny Williams with a new boxing technique. He had learned to relax

IF THE BRITISH HEAVYWEIGHT boxing championship should now change hands, at least some of the credit—or the blame—should go to an unnamed Army sergeant. Three years ago, when the Army champion, Corporal J. Daniels, was taking part in a boxing tournament, his opponent failed to turn up for the match. The unknown sergeant pointed his finger at Guardsman J. Gardner, of the Grenadiers. "You," he ordered, "get yourself changed and into the ring." Gardner obeyed. To the stunned surprise of all, he beat the champion in two rounds. And, now, this six-foot-plus, fourteen-and-a-half stone fighter is to meet Bruce Woodcock at Earls Court for a considerably more important championship.

Theoretically, Jack Gardner has no more right to be in the same ring with Britain's professional champion than he had with Daniels. He has had fewer than two years' experience as a professional and still makes the elementary mistakes of a novice. Each time he fights he thrills the critics—and breaks their hearts by the rawness of his moves.

The Willowy Heavyweight

At the same time, he has been beaten only twice—by Vern Escoe—and only two other boxers in the world have a better knock-out percentage than he. All but two of Gardner's victims have failed to last the distance with him. Gardner, indeed, is a mass of contradictions. He looks surprisingly thin and willowy for a heavyweight and his long, rangy arm movements look more like those of a busy spider than a fighter.

He has been acclaimed widely as a promising young heavyweight; yet his fans worry over the fact that he has shown an alarming loss of concentration at critical moments. He has been slated for his lack of boxing skill; but he confounded the critics recently by a brilliant display of ringcraft against Johnny Williams.

Although posters still refer to him as "Jack Gardner, of Market Harborough," he now lives on a friend's 500-acre farm near Basingstoke with his wife and two-year-old daughter; and his private ambitions are equally divided between winning the title and breeding prize pigs. Friends say he gets more pleasure calculating farming profits than he does from thinking of the £50,000 he may earn out of the Woodcock fight.

Fight fans have been thrilled by Gardner's sledgehammer punch—a punch which made him Army and British amateur champion within a year of his victory over Corporal Daniels. When he turned professional he won a £500 prize for about five minutes of boxing in a novices' competition run by Jack Solomons. To qualify for this competition, he had to win a preliminary bout in Solomons's gymnasium; two cameramen, anxious to get a photograph of his knock-out punch, were unlucky. Before they could gain vantage points, Gardner was on his way back to the dressing-room—winner by a knock-out.

His early professional fights were won with similar ease, averaging fewer than three rounds each. Then he met Vern Escoe, the Canadian champion, who forced him to retire with a cut near the left eye. As soon as it healed, Gardner flailed into battle, winning two fights in a week with a total of five rounds in the ring.

It is true that Gardner's fists generally have final say in the ring, but John Simpson, his manager, gives the orders outside it. It was Simpson who saw that Gardner's growing anxiety to win always by a knock-out was doing him more harm than good. The strain of waiting for the right opening was causing his leg and arm muscles to tense up in action. This ruined his timing and fluidity of motion. "You've got to relax," Simpson insisted. "You waste more energy doing nothing than by working around for an opening."

So Simpson prescribed for Gardner a year of practising boxing movements while making as little use as possible of his potent right hand. "I can't do it," Gardner protested. "If I do, I'll lose my punch." But Simpson insisted; and that brief conversation probably resulted in Gardner's important victory over Williams last July—a victory which made him challenger for the championship. The critics, aware that the ex-Guardsman was concentrating on a new technique, had nevertheless not given it a second thought. Gardner's new skill surprised them as much as it did Williams.

By that time, though, the public had come to look on him as a man with a punch but little else. Once a stranger addressed Gardner and Simpson, unaware of their identities, on a train journey. "Trouble with Gardner," he said, "is that he's got no defence. Won't stand an earthly against a hard puncher like Woodcock."

Simpson, enjoying the conversation, kept it going. "I couldn't agree more," he said. Gardner buried his face in a newspaper and said nothing. Finally, Simpson told the critic who they were.

"Oh, Lord! No hard feelings, I hope?" the stranger moaned.

Gardner grinned. "Not at all. Mr. Simpson often lets me know what the public is saying about me. Now I realize he tells the truth."

Trial Agreement Still Runs

As a matter of fact, manager and boxer get along well together because of this very frankness between them. Their relationship began when Gardner was thinking of turning professional. Simpson—who was then preparing Vince Hawkins, another of his fighters, for a championship—was offered the use of the gymnasium in the barracks where Jack was stationed. Gardner decided to look Simpson over with a view to asking him to be his manager if he measured up to specifications. At the same time, Simpson decided to look Gardner over with the same object in view. When the Guardsman-boxer left the Army, the two were still sparring cautiously with one another. They signed a provisional agreement for one month: it's been running ever since.

Now Gardner is due to face his most critical test and his manager is there to help him. "Woodcock has done a lot for boxing and has been a worthy champion," Simpson says, "but we think we shall beat him." THE END

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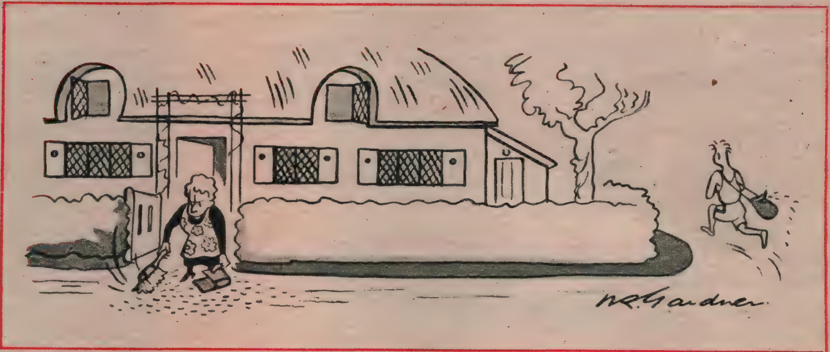

A QUALITY OF MERCY

Continued from page 14

knees before the inspector. "Explain what you did with the gun, Father of Dogs!"

Hannah replied with his beggar's wail: "I did not kill! By the Merciful, All-Compassionate, I did not kill!" He strained against the chain and tried to kiss Chafik's feet. "I took the money, the shoes, the watch," he wailed again. "But I did not kill."

Chafik said: "You found this body stripped?"

"Stripped, Father of Mercy. The clothes torn and useless." The beggar raised crafty, sore-encrusted eyes and said: "I met a man before I found the body, one who hurried away from it——"

Sergeant Abdullah gave the chain another jerk. "God forgive you your lies," he said and lifted his foot with intention.

"May the Pit take me if I lie!" whined Hannah. "I swear there was a man. I asked for alms, but he brushed me aside—may he be cursed. But I saw his face."

"And you would recognize it again?"

"Give me the chance——"

"Pray for that chance, Hannah. Otherwise you will see the face of the hangman."

INSPECTOR CHAFIK rose, avoided the grovelling prisoner and went to the filing cabinets that walled the room. He opened a drawer marked "F," brought the dossier back to the desk and studied it. "This Farouk is no loss," he announced presently. "Born in Baghdad of good family. Had medical training and practised for a time in Egypt. There his police record begins." He riffled the pages of the dossier. "Abortionist. Narcotics. Blackmail. Deported to Iraq in 1946 and shortly thereafter became the *confrère* of Madame Zawra, whose cabaret he frequented."

The inspector paused. "Zawra, a woman of the theatre." He did not consult the file. His memory was as accurate. "Little known of her past. Has lived in Egypt. She returned here to start her own cabaret in 1938. And she has been discreet. There is nothing against her."

Chafik picked up the police report again. "The observant constable, who was making a routine check of the cabaret, states that twenty minutes after Farouk left, a man arrived and asked for him. He was shown to the deceased's table, waited some time, then demanded Farouk's address and left. Who was he?"

"Sir, we only have his description. Medium height. Slim. Well-dressed. Possibly a professional man."

Chafik said: "There are threads to untangle. Let us search for a loose end at the dead man's house. Also, I must have his background. I must stand in his shoes."

Chafik took a black *sidarah* from a peg, set it squarely on his sleek head and looked at the prisoner with compassion. "Yes," he said. "God forbid I condemn any man unless I have stood in his shoes—or even in the dusty footprints of a beggar."

The dead man's rooms were on the third floor of a tall old house. Chafik stopped outside the door, listened, then carefully turned the knob and flung the door back. He walked in on a scene of confusion. Contents of drawers were scattered, the carpet was rolled up, the furniture disarranged. And in the middle of the room stood a woman.

She was one of those ageless women who retain the figure of a girl, but the contrast with her dyed hair and rouged face was shocking. Her eyes were heavily circled with kohl. They were not the weary cynical eyes that went with excessive make-up, but Chafik saw that under the make-up her skin was wrinkled. She wore a green dress, high-heeled red shoes and a *chadur* with the hood thrown back. Her fingernails were glaringly lacquered, but her hands were oddly ringless, though she wore silver bangles on her brown arms. Unexpectedly in the presence of men, she did not shroud herself in her cloak. She stood unashamed, very straight, her full breasts lifted with pride rather than defiance. The inspector made note of inconsistencies in the woman she seemed to be.

"Permit an introduction," he said, sketching a salaam. "I am Chafik J. Chafik, of the police. You are Madame Zawra?"

The woman nodded.

"You look for something?" he asked softly.

"Somebody was before me."

"Madame?"

She fitted a cigarette to a long holder, waited for him to offer a match, then veiled herself in a screen of smoke. "I tell you I found the rooms as you see them," she said. "They had been ransacked. I have only been here a few minutes. I came to collect things that belong to me. Farouk was my — partner." She swallowed the last word.

"The one who came before you took what you sought?"

"I have had no time to look. And why should they take my personal things?"

CHAFIK studied the woman, but she met his scrutiny without discomfort. He said: "As you know, he has been killed. You knew him so well, perhaps you can suggest why."

"Farouk had many enemies."

Chafik said sharply: "Come, madame, do not hide things from me. There are many things I wish to know. A man came to your cabaret last night and asked for Farouk. Is he the one you suspect? You saw him?"

"Casually. He was a stranger."

"Describe him."

"Short. Squat. A man of the middle years. Swarthy. Possibly a Turk."

Inspector Chafik said: "I have

another description of him, madame."

"I could be mistaken. Perhaps I confuse him with another. Now that I think of it, there was another, quite tall, a big man."

Chafik looked at Madame Zawra closely, but could not penetrate the part she was playing or discover the woman under the thick layer of make-up. He thought: It is an old canvas; many pictures have been painted on it, the original perhaps a masterpiece.

He turned to the sergeant who blocked the doorway. "Detail a constable, Abdullah. He is to help this woman in her search, to examine whatever she wishes to remove. As for ourselves, we will continue to look for a short, squat, tall, big stranger who had an appointment with Farouk. Or perhaps one of average height, slim?" Chafik slanted a look at Madame Zawra before he went out.

HE stepped into the police car which blocked the narrow street, opened the door on the other side, slipped out of the car again and concealed himself in a doorway. Sergeant Abdullah drove the car away.

Madame Zawra appeared a few minutes later. She hailed an arabana.

The inspector followed in a taxi. He rode with a buoyant confidence, ignoring the broken springs of the ramshackle vehicle.

He was less confident when the woman dismissed her carriage on the broad, clean square where the government buildings were situated. She got out near the Ministry of Finance and began to walk up and down aimlessly. Finally she entered the public park which adjoined the Ministry and went, this time with purpose, to a secluded corner shaded by trees where she sat down, drawing the folds of her robe around her.

A clock boomed midday and the voices of the prayer-callers began their chant from Baghdad's mosques. Work stopped throughout the city.

An army of officials streamed from the government buildings. Many went into the park; here and there a man sought a quiet spot, unrolled a small mat and began the ritual of prayer. Those who were not of the Moslem faith, or did not practise what they professed, walked up and down between the prostrate worshippers eating a sandwich lunch or smoking as they chatted with friends.

Presently Madame Zawra straightened as a man came towards her across the park.

He walked with eyes downcast, a prayer mat under one arm. He was a man of medium height, slim build, his age perhaps forty. Chafik, who watched from the shelter of a hedge of rhododendron, judged him the typical civil servant, a neat man with dignity that verged on the pompous.

When he reached the trees he stopped and spread his mat a few feet from where the woman sat. He stood swinging his arms slowly, lips moving as he recited a passage from the Koran. Then he knelt, prayed fervently, his humble obeisance, with forehead to the ground, odd in one so stately. Rising at last he stood in the clear sunshine, at peace with the world.

The woman got up, took a step towards him, hesitating and afraid. Then she went quickly and dropped to her knees and timidly touched him.

Chafik heard the astonished man say: "What ails you, woman? Do you want alms?"

"Permit me to speak on a private matter." Madame Zawra touched him again, her gesture pleading. "It is urgent. There is not time." She threw back her robe. The dark, circled eyes were beseeching. "Please—you must listen——"

He saw her painted face and said with revulsion: "Are you shameless to uncover before a stranger? I do not know you. I cannot talk to one such as you." Quickly he rolled up the prayer mat.

"In the name of God, hear me!"

He raised his hand and made the sign of repulsing a devil, then hurried away. She did not follow. Her hands went to her stricken face, and crouching on the spot where the man had stood, Madame Zawra wept.

When Inspector Chafik returned to his office he went to his filing cabinets and took a dossier. After he had studied it he said to Sergeant Abdullah: "The woman led me to a man. Medium height. Slender. A well-dressed professional man. In every way he answers the description of the stranger at the cabaret, but unfortunately this man did not know the woman."

"Mystifying, sir. Possibly planned to confuse."

"I doubt it. Here is his dossier, the confidential record of a trusted official of the Ministry of Finance. I was told there he is called Jassim. He is highly respected and destined for a superior post. Married. Two children. No mistresses. Intellectual hobbies. Why should this Jassim go to the Zawra Cabaret?"

The inspector paced the small office, finally turned to his assistant and said: "The key to it all is Farouk. Farouk is dead. Therefore I must be Farouk."

"Sir?"

"I must walk in his shoes. Tonight the beggar is to be stationed outside the Zawra Cabaret. You will inform him he is to look for the man he saw walking away from the corpse, that the comfort of his neck depends upon it."

"I attend," said Sergeant Abdullah.

"And the constable is to be on duty, to keep watch for the stranger whom he overheard asking for Farouk," Chafik instructed. "Also arrange that Farouk's usual table is left unoccupied."

Chafik mused for a moment and then took out a handkerchief, made a double fold, and draped it over the mouthpiece of the telephone. He dialled, then, speaking through the handkerchief, said, "Ministry of Finance? Mr. Jassim, please. Tell him Farouk calls." He raised his eyebrows at the shocked sergeant.

"Who is that?" an anxious voice came over the wire. "Who wishes to speak with me? Who——"

"The same place," Chafik said rapidly. "The same table, Mr. Jassim. It is most advisable you should come."

He cradled the telephone, carefully folded the handkerchief in the original creases and returned it to his pocket.

Chafik stood up. "Farouk's shoes seem to fit me well," he said.

CHAFIK and his assistant stood near the entrance. The inspector asked: "What time is it, Abdullah?"

"Near midnight, sir."

"He should be here."

The inspector fiddled with an unlighted cigarette, then threw it away when the driver of an arabana parked down the street cracked his whip. Once, twice, and after a pause a third time. Chafik said with relief: "The signal. Jassim comes." He drew Sergeant Abdullah into the shadow of a doorway. . . .

The man who appeared walked slowly, stopped several times and once seemed on the point of turning back, but then came on reluctantly. He kept his head down and averted

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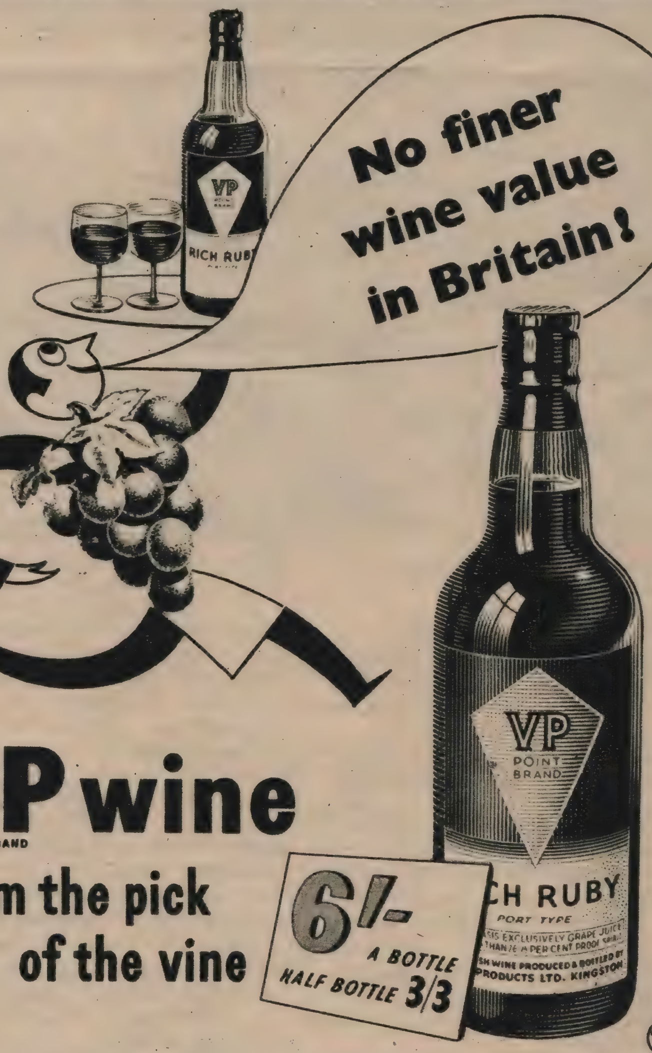

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his face when anyone passed. When he reached the wailing beggar who squatted in the light of the street lamp, he tried to hurry by, but Hannah's loud imprecations had to be silenced, and the man hastily threw him a coin.

At the entrance to the cabaret he hesitated, finally went in.

The inspector went to Hannah. "Well?" he asked.

"The man! The same man!" The beggar waved his skinny hands and slobbered with excitement. "Beyond doubt the one, or his double."

The inspector looked at him for a moment, then went to the constable outside the Zawra. "Well?" he asked again.

"Sir, he was the same man who asked for Farouk. He is now at the table." The policeman indicated the far side of the garden.

Coloured lights strung from the ragged palms gave a tinsel gaiety to the place. On the stage weary women danced; their painted smiles were mechanical, their gestures careless with habit. The audience, chiefly visiting tribesmen, paid little attention and the harsh spatter of conversation never stopped.

The inspector wheeled a chair into position before Jassim. "Good evening. You are punctual," he said.

Jassim studied him with puzzled and intelligent eyes. The inspector looked at him steadily.

"So you're Farouk?" Jassim asked.

"I walk in his shoes. He could not keep the appointment. Farouk was murdered last night," Chafik added casually, and showed his police card.

Jassim stiffened. Then he went limp, sagged in the chair and said almost inaudibly: "A fool. Oh, what a fool——"

"I have caused you distress," the inspector murmured sympathetically. "An aching tooth is better removed. Confession can be as merciful as a dentist's forceps. I am attentive." Chafik sat waiting.

Jassim said: "Believe me, I know nothing of Farouk's murder. He was only a name, a signature to letters, a voice on the telephone." He stopped and stared across the table with horror. "But you say he was killed last night!"

"The last telephone voice was mine."

"So. You set a clever trap." Jassim was silent a moment, clearly making a decision. "I will tell you everything," he said at last. "The letters began a month ago. They demanded a meeting here, but no threat was made at first."

"The usual approach of the blackmailer," the inspector said.

"But I have nothing to hide. There is no scandal in my life. I am a quiet man, religious. My life is open."

Chafik said: "I know your exemplary religious habits. But my records about you begin late. You were born in Turkish days, so I do not even know your parents."

"I never knew them. They died—my mother when I was born. My foster parents are also dead. They were kind." He took the cigarette Chafik offered and bowed his thanks. "I had no reason to fear blackmail. But this Farouk insisted he had something which would interest my superiors. That is when I became a fool. I should have come to you. Instead, I came here——"

"What did you do when Farouk failed to appear?"

"I obtained his address and went to his room."

"So," Chafik said softly. "And what happened there?"

"The place was a shambles and there was a man, searching——"

"Describe him."

"I cannot, his back was turned. He switched off the light, brushed by me and fled."

"So she told the truth. Another was before her." Chafik drummed the table, then said sharply, "What of the woman you met today? The one who tried to speak with you after the midday prayer."

Jassim flushed. "A painted hag. I had forgotten the incident. I never saw her before . . . I've told you everything. Of course I realize my position. The scandal will ruin me. You may even think me guilty," he added bleakly.

"I shall not keep you in doubt long. You may go now, Mr. Jassim."

"You don't detain me?"

"I can always find you. Good night."

When the man had gone, Inspector Chafik changed to the other chair. He sat well back in the arbour, the shadows a cloak around him, and his brain went to work. He was vaguely aware a sketch was being played on the stage. The lines were *risqué* and he shrugged with distaste as he noted the low comedy of a woman strutting in man's clothes.

Then he was suddenly engrossed in the stage. He leaned forward and said aloud: "Merciful God——"

A waiter came to the table with a tray of highly coloured drinks. "Refreshment?" he asked hopefully.

"I'm a blackmailer," Chafik said, his fingers beginning their spider's dance. "I sit here waiting for a man. I've something to show him. He won't try to take it from me in this public place, that's why I'm meeting him here——"

"You've been drinking!" said the waiter.

The inspector neither saw the man nor heard him. He continued in the same monotone: "Yes, but it's clear he won't come in. I've just had a message: he's waiting outside. I'll have to go and persuade him. So what do I do? Do I take the thing with me?" He struck the table, glared at the waiter, and shouted, "Not likely! I'm not a fool!"

The man fled, the glasses on his tray slopping.

Chafik ran his hands carefully along the underside of the table. He took each chair and examined it. Finally he went on his knees and thrust searching fingers into the tubbed shrubs that formed the arbour. There was nothing. Chafik sat back on his heels, muttering: "Where, then? Where?" He crouched lower and began to examine the tubs themselves.

Under one of them was a gap, not much more than a crack, and he broke off a twig to probe it.

Something resisted the stick. He worked deftly, edged out an envelope which he seized with a cry of triumph, then dropped exhausted into his chair.

Only then did he realize he was not alone. Madame Zawra sat on the other side of the table, her back to the cabaret, her robe carefully spread. Behind this screen she showed him the muzzle of a small gun.

"Give me the letter," she said quietly.

He did not answer. He was absorbed in studying this woman who had emerged at last, the one woman among the several she had played for him, the real Zawra.

Tonight she was without make-up and the tragedy of her face was exposed; denied the mask of kohl and rouge, the face, though old, had softness, nobility, the ghost of beauty. There was clearly courage in the way she lifted her strong, pointed chin.

Chafik said: "Yes, the resemblance is strong now. The mask did not suit you."

"Give me the letter!"

"So you looked when you walked away from the corpse of Farouk. Only then you wore man's dress. The beggar's error was pardonable; my blindness was not. Until I saw the girl on the stage a moment ago, I had forgotten that in our native theatre women impersonate men. And you are of the theatre, madame."

The woman said unhappily: "Now I must kill you——"

"Naturally. But first satisfy my curiosity. Why have you kept the relationship from Jassim?"

"Isn't that obvious? Would a son wish to know such a mother?" She turned her head away. In a moment she looked at Chafik again and said strongly: "That's why I killed Farouk. That's why I must destroy the letter. All these years I have kept the truth from Jassim. It shall not be exposed now. I shall not permit you to ruin him!"

"Very nearly you had him charged with murder."

"I planned to confess, but not until I had found the letter. When Jassim was born in Cairo, Farouk was the doctor. I was a foolish young girl, shamed, lost. I sent the baby to discreet people in Baghdad. They raised him as their child, told him I had died in childbirth, his father before me. But I worked for my son, sent money for his education and in the end I came to Baghdad to be near him."

"And then Farouk followed you and began his blackmail?"

"He planned to blackmail Jassim. I put on man's dress, went into the street and sent a boy with a message to Farouk. He came. He thought I was my son. I thrust the gun at him, demanded the letter. But he recognized me and tried to knock the gun down. It went off," Madame Zawra added with a shudder.

"You searched the body for the letter and then went to his rooms?"

"Yes. And Jassim came. I fled, changed to woman's clothes and returned to search further." Madame Zawra was racked by emotion and the gun wavered. Then her voice grew stronger. "He must never know."

"If you go to prison there is no need for him to know," Chafik said.

"He must not," Madame Zawra repeated. "He would despise me because of what I have become. He could not help himself. And I could not bear that."

The inspector held the letter between forefinger and thumb. "But I must tell you, madame, here is evidence no judge would ignore. This letter would set you free. What are your wishes?" He asked the question very humbly.

She lowered the gun and said: "Destroy it."

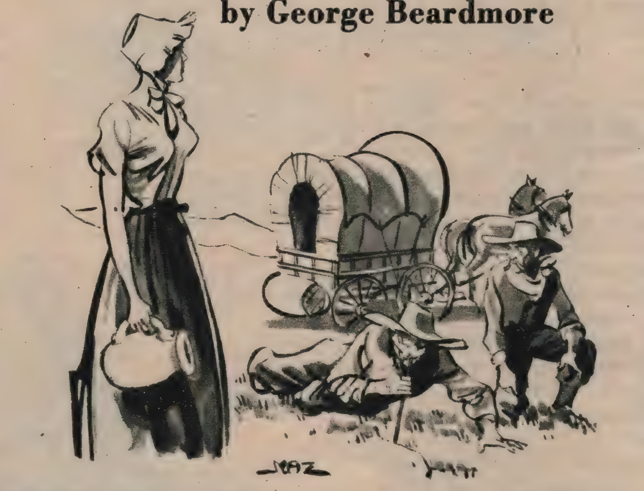
Chafik struck a match and held it to a corner of the envelope. They watched it burn between them on the marble top of the table.

When the ashes scattered in the breeze, the inspector said: "This is a strange quality of mercy, but God has given it to me. Perhaps because I, too, have a son. I pray, madame, that I may learn the strength of your love, the courage of your sacrifice."

Her head bowed. After a long time Chafik said softly: "You will plead guilty to accidental homicide, the result of a quarrel, a struggle. Of course I do not know what it was about." He waited again and then said formally, "You are under arrest, Madame Zawra." THE END

LIVING LANGUAGE

by George Beardmore



WHY WE SAY . . . SUCKER

In covered wagon days pioneers travelling the western plains found many holes in the ground made by "crawfish," a species of freshwater shell-fish. These holes were really small artesian wells, so that when the plainsman ran out of water he had only to find a hole, thrust into it a long hollow reed and *suck* to slake his thirst.

A "sucker" thereby came to mean a pioneer, and because pioneers were held to be a simple-minded, if hardy, people, easily duped by tales of gold and riches to be picked up beyond the horizon, the word was later applied to anyone who "sucks in" a plausible story and is easily cheated.

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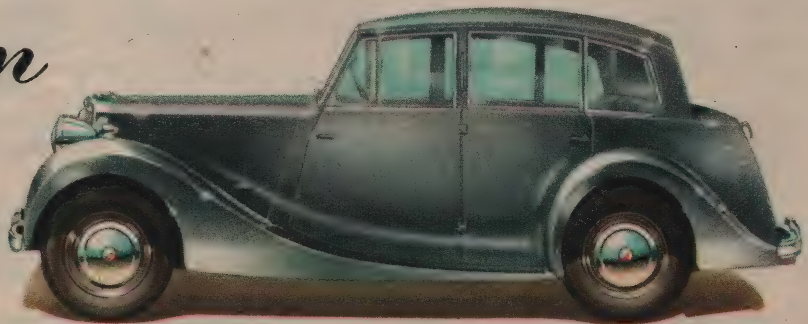

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If you use their contents
Wherever germs are found
There'll be no more danger
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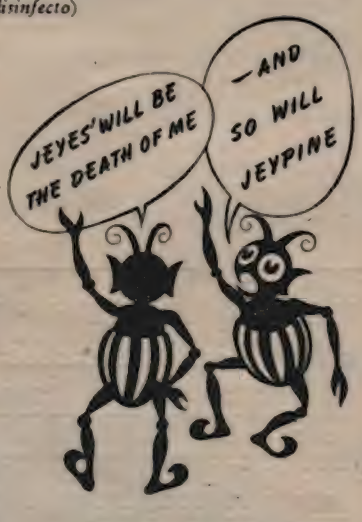
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I WAS A FIRST OFFENDER

Continued from page 17

Scrubs. We had no bath and the clothes issued were ill-fitting and dirty. We trooped into the prison proper and, after a meal, were allocated to our cells. Everything seemed inferior to what we had been accustomed to. The food was poor. The mailbag "workshop" was a dark, draughty corridor lined with benches. Since there were no machines, those who had previously worked on production earned about a quarter of their former wages. The sanitary and bathing arrangements were shocking. Even the exercise-yard was small.

Two days later I and another "Scrubite" were called out from mailbags and told we would be sent to the camp the following morning. Complete with overalls, boots and oilskins we were bundled into an open truck with two warders as escort for the twelve-mile journey. The camp lies just off the Plymouth road on a fairly steep hillside. A pine forest stretches behind it and, below, the River Exe winds among rolling farmland. It did not look like a prison at all. The buildings were wooden, Army-type huts standing in a cleared field. Between them and the flower-beds were criss-crossing paths which, together with fine lawns, gave the camp a respectable and well-tended air. The thought of the ugly halls which had been my home for several months sent a shudder through me.

Warders Were Friendly

We were welcomed by a large, inarticulate P.O. who, with two warders, was in charge of the camp. All three were completely different from the usual type of prison officer. They were friendly, helpful and hard-working. Their relationship with the prisoners was more that of fellow-camper than guard. The only boundary-marks were splashes of white paint in a rough circle some 500 yards in circumference. Of a dozen large huts, three were used as sleeping quarters. The others were kitchen and dining-room, bath-house, church, cinema, recreation (reading, writing and radio), storehouse, games (table-tennis and bagatelle), potato stores, officers' sleeping quarters and P.O.'s office. Within the camp area, swedes and other vegetables were grown, the surplus being marketed or sent to the prison in the town.

After being shown to our hut and changing into a new set of clothes, the two of us made our way to the P.O.'s office for what was, as I later found out, his set welcoming speech. The gist of it was that it was a great privilege for us to be there, that it was one big happy family, that we must work hard, look on him as our father and friend, not pinch any of the vegetables growing in camp, have showers whenever we liked—especially on Saturday afternoons—wash our hands before entering the dining-hut and put far from our minds any thought of escape, which was easy but not worth it. If we disgraced ourselves or disillusioned him we should go back to Exeter.

The first impressions of this open prison were excellent—yet I do not believe that the experiment quite succeeds. And this is largely because of the indiscriminate mixing of the camp ingredients. While I was there, there were only forty-eight men. These were fairly evenly divided between local men and those sent from London. The locals, almost to a man, disliked the Londoners and showed it whenever they could. In one respect, they had a distinct advantage over the "foreigners": many of them were farm-hands and had a natural aptitude for the work we were set.

The reasons for this animosity were not only differences in speech and accent but also the crimes that had brought each group to prison. For instance, about half the London men were slick, pin-table saloon types, usually burglars, spivs and "fiddlers" of whatever they could lay their hands on. Most of them had never done a day's physical labour in their lives. They stole from each other and from everybody else. When they were sent to a farm, they threatened they would destroy the crops unless the farmer first gave them tobacco. Sometimes they carried out their threat. All this was incomprehensible to the uncomplicated countrymen.

City Men In The Fields

Almost equally incomprehensible were the rest of the Londoners. They were a mixture of professional and City men convicted of currency offences, smuggling charges and violations of the remaining emergency regulations. These men, too, had rarely done any manual labour. They were weaklings in the fields and useless in the camp chores. Thus the countryman had to face two contrasting London types. He had to be alert against the one—even when he was asleep in his hut; the other inadvertently gave him extra work.

Apart from the men required for work in the camp itself, the remainder were sent out to work either for local farmers or for the Forestry Commission. During the weeks I was there, I had a variety of jobs ranging from cleaning the camp sewers to picking swedes and sugar-beet for a local Covent Garden supplier. Working in the camp had several advantages. The cooks prepared tea during the morning break at ten thirty and there was always the possibility of a second helping of food at lunch-time. If it rained, there was shelter. The hours of work were from 8.30 a.m. until 5.30 p.m. with a short break in the morning and an hour at noon. There was no work on Sundays.

The men working outside the camp left between 8 and 8.30 a.m. in a lorry provided by the farmer. They took food with them for the morning and midday breaks. There was only one warder and nobody was chained. While I was there, nobody attempted to escape, although it would have been easy to do so.

Police Had Legs Pulled

One morning our lorry pulled up with a scream of breaks at a cross-roads. Two policemen, searching for a convict who had escaped the day before from the prison at Exeter, accosted the driver.

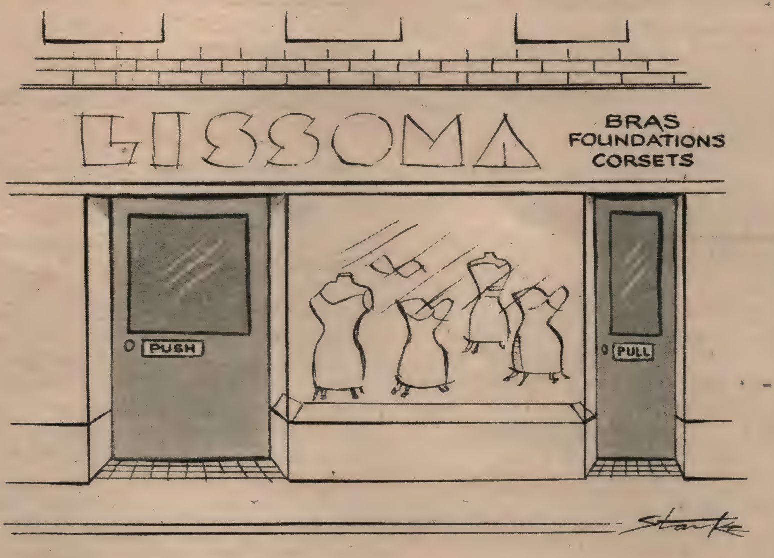
"Have you seen a convict round here?" we heard one of them ask.

"Sure," the driver answered.

We saw the policemen look at each other with visions of promotion on their faces. "Where? Which way, man?" They almost jumped on him.

He leaned out of the window, spat maddeningly slowly into the roadway, hooked his thumb in our direction and announced: "Got eighteen of them right here." As he drove off past the speechless policemen, he turned and winked broadly at us.

Our work as farm-hands was back-breaking. We would get back to camp well after dark, remove the mud with a shower and scrubbing-brush, change into dry clothes, eat our supper like automatons and be in bed before nine. After a while, I began to suffer great pain as a result of the work. Suspecting me of malingering, the P.O. waited weeks before sending me back to prison for a medical



examination. It was decided that I should not return. I received the news with mixed feelings. The open air, the comparative freedom, the absence of warders and above all of locks, of bars, of walls were privileges difficult to give up. On the other hand, I was no longer a boy and adapting myself to the life of a farm labourer proved physically impossible. After a few more weeks in Exeter Prison sewing mailbags, I was sent back to Wormwood Scrubs to attend to a personal matter. All the former Scrubites envied me.

Ordeal On The Train

I had one travelling companion. Although we wore our civilian clothes, we were handcuffed together and escorted by two uniformed warders to the railway station. As we arrived five minutes before the train was due, all eyes were focused on us. This, however, was nothing to what we experienced on the train and at Paddington. A compartment had been reserved for us but there was the usual passing up and down the corridor. The train was unusually crowded, as the schools were breaking up for the Christmas holidays. For three and a half hours we became the central attraction of, it seemed to us, about half England's public schools.

At Paddington we were cheered by hundreds of schoolchildren and pointed out to a multitude of parents as dangerous criminals just caught robbing a bank (we could hear this rumour rolling in waves around us). As our reserved compartment was at the far end of the platform we had to walk down a passage made for us by the warders to the barrier. My companion, a nervous type under any circumstances, collapsed like a deflated balloon in the back of the waiting car. On arrival at Wormwood Scrubs, I complained about the lack of privacy. I was told that, had I requested it, I could have been transferred by car instead.

Thus, to the very end, my experience of English prisons and their methods was of inefficiency, waste and lack of consideration for the prisoner as a human being. Nobody denies that imprisonment is a punishment for offences against society, but should it not have the object of making men better citizens as well? The opposite is often true. Men are embittered, brutalized and sometimes schooled in crime by their comrades.

Take, for instance, the remand arrangements at Brixton. Since they have yet to be tried, the only offence of which these men are guilty is the inability to produce bail. Nevertheless, in many ways they are treated worse than convicts. Granted that remands must be prevented from escaping, is it necessary to keep them in their cells twenty-two and a half hours out of twenty-four?

It is impossible to exaggerate the feeling of depression at being in custody for the first time. Family men worry about their wives and children. Each broods on his coming trial. The only relief from one's own thoughts are library books issued at random. Surely it could be arranged that remands spent a considerable part of the day in a common-room supplied with newspapers and magazines? They would certainly be in better shape for their trial. Under present conditions, many men have told me that the atmosphere of courts after remand makes them inarticulate, forgetful and confused.

Again, time spent on remand is not deducted from a subsequent sentence. I myself was sentenced to twelve months. With one-third remission for good conduct I should have served thirty-five weeks. A fortnight on remand, however, increased my total period in prison to thirty-seven weeks—quite a big increase on a short sentence. Others had to wait as long as three months before trial. Cannot the time spent on remand be officially deducted? It would certainly be more just and, as each prisoner costs the country about twenty-five shillings a week, thousands a year would be saved on the prison estimates.

Most Are Disillusioned

Once in prison, the convict might reasonably expect the authorities to help him to find out what made him go astray. He would be disappointed. Although many men go to prison hopeful of reform and rehabilitation, they leave disillusioned, disgusted and confused. True, psychiatrists are in attendance at Wormwood Scrubs. I myself applied to see one. It was two months before my release but I heard nothing more. That is what usually happened.

A thing that particularly worries first offenders is the mass of rules and petty restrictions. Apart from a piece of paste-board listing about twenty do's and don'ts hung up in each cell, there was no way of knowing whether one was breaking rules or not. In any case, some of them were futile. Others were almost impossible to obey. How can you expect a man to be clean-shaven on one razor-blade a fortnight? All of us broke rules regularly. We did not want to, for we were in sufficient trouble already. Until the prison authorities rationalize the rules, by

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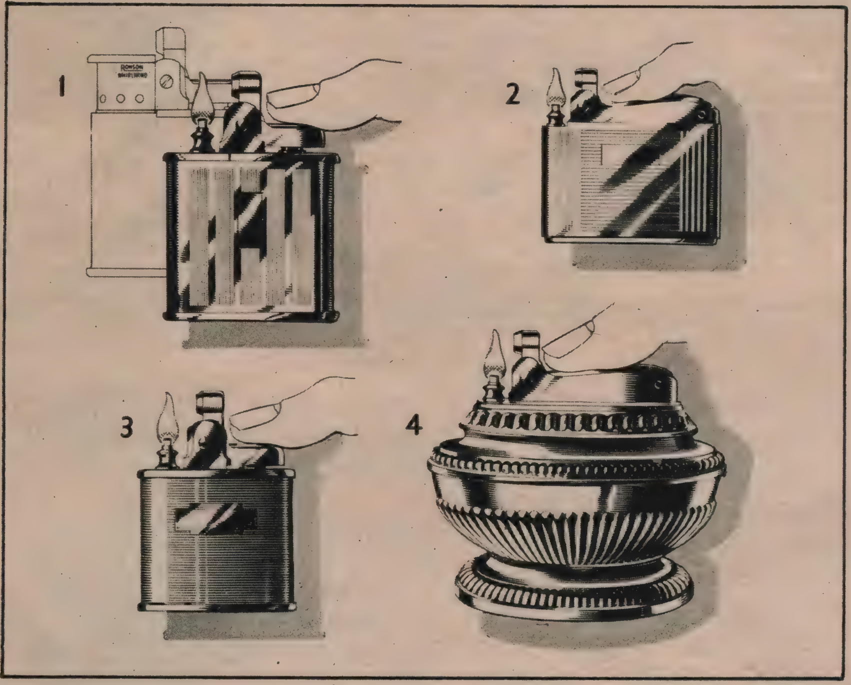

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allowing blades to be sold in the prison shop, for instance, prisoners will continue to lie, cheat and steal to get what they need.

This is only one way in which the prison atmosphere encourages crime. Although I was a first offender with no experience of crime before entering Wormwood Scrubs, I knew more about it when I was released than I could have learned from a score of detective stories. The authorities seem to think that a first offender is invariably an amateur criminal caught at the beginning of his career through inexperience. This is quite untrue. I found a high proportion who had made crime pay—and pay well — for a good many years before being caught through a slip or fluke. Hence it is unwise to throw all first offenders indiscriminately together.

How Gangs Are Recruited

Impressionable young men caught on their first job were willing apprentices of the professionals. They were told where they had made their mistake, how not to make it again, where to sell the "swag" for the best price, how to "case a joint" and where to contact the important gangs. I saw lessons being given in forging, "conning" (confidence tricks) and other criminal arts. One man, an American, who for twenty years had been plying the Atlantic as a card-sharper, offered to take me as a partner on the Australian boats on his release. "No capital needed, son, only your fare. The suckers will take care of the rest." I laughed it off. But an ex-public schoolboy and Guards officer, who had been cashiered and disowned by his family because his cheques had been bouncing, did not. There was a sure candidate for Wandsworth (the second-offence prison).

Once, in a library-book, I found an advertisement neatly pencilled on a blank page. It read: "If you need any money when you are released, phone ——, and ask for Jack, who will see you right." On my release, I did this and was told to be at a certain milk-bar in the West End at a certain time. I gave my description as requested. After a chat with the proprietor, who approached after about five minutes of, I suppose, scrutiny, I gave the names of references in the Scrubs and apparently passed muster. I was offered a fiver on account and told to come back the following week to meet "the boys." I declined, but how many recruits had the gang gained like this?

What the Home Office does not seem to realize is that many men in prison are completely demoralized. They have lost their jobs on conviction. Their savings have been exhausted in their defence. Some have also lost their wives and the stability which a family can bring. Hence it is no wonder that recruits for crime are readily found in prison.

The Irishman's Dilemma

As I write, I am thinking of an Irishman I met in the Scrubs. He was likeable but hot-tempered, serving a sentence of eighteen months for assault while drunk.

I met him again a few days after release. He asked whether I could get him a job. "Why, Paddy," I said, "surely the employment exchange can fix you up?"

"I haven't been put on the books yet," he replied. When I showed surprise, he explained that because he no longer had a home he could not register at the employment exchange for either work or unemployment benefit.

I asked whether he had been helped by the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. He gave me a withering look. "They gave me ten shillings and a note for the employment exchange."

"Well, you could have drawn the dole."

"Not until I find lodgings, and where would you be thinking that I could get lodgings for ten shillings?"

It is a very vicious circle.

He went on to tell me that another ex-prisoner, a professional burglar whom he had met in the first-offenders' wing, had put him up for a couple of nights and had asked if he would like to take part in a "job." I was not surprised when I read in an evening paper a short time later that he had been given two years for attempted burglary.

This is only one of the many cases in which the D.P.A. has failed. One of its representatives interviews each man before his release, but in my experience it gives little help. The day before my release I was called to the office of the D.P.A. representative. Asked whether I wanted assistance, I said, "No"—more because it was satisfying than because it was true. In ten seconds I was out of the room.

On my discharge next morning I was given a letter I could hand in at any employment exchange. This I found useless. Neither employment exchanges nor the National Assistance Board would do anything for me until I had a permanent address.

Brains Left To Rust

Some attempt at rehabilitation could surely have been made while we were still in prison. We prisoners often asked ourselves why it was that our brains were never made use of, but allowed to rust. The sole exception was the annual show that men in Rec. were allowed to produce at Christmas. If prisoners had been allowed to organize lectures and classes, what variety we should have had! We had atom scientists, doctors, lawyers, artists, musicians and writers as well as representatives of all the manual arts.

Waste of opportunity and short-sightedness—those are the two major faults in the system. Prison today serves one of its primary purposes: it punishes offenders. But it does nothing to reform them and much to destroy their characters. THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

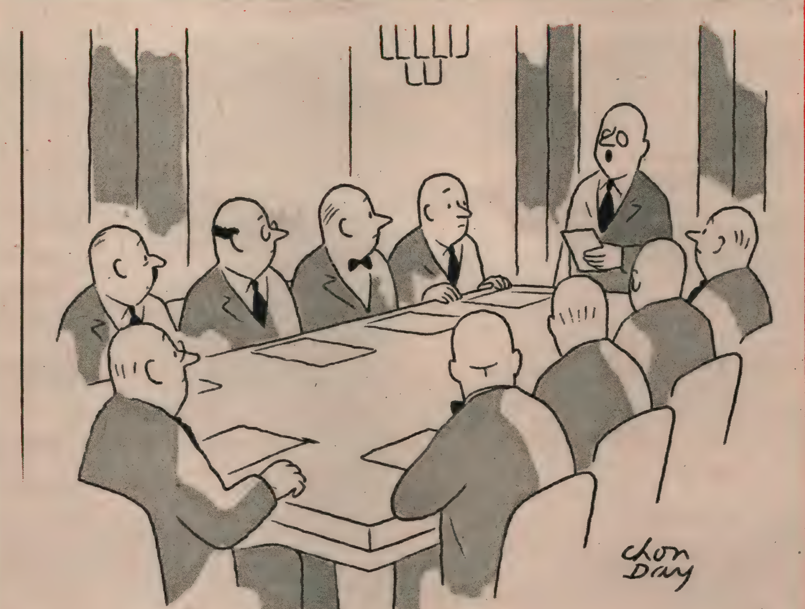
Old, old cry

THERE is an increasing tendency nowadays to condemn youth. If you can believe all you hear, there never was a time when the younger generation was so out of hand.

I think this is all nonsense—the parrot cry of the elderly. So many people go through life merely making conventional motions. Their disapproval of youth's enthusiasm is a mixture of envy and regret at their own unheeded opportunities.

If the young sometimes make mistakes they have plenty of time to atone. We shouldn't put them in the dock. They've done nothing to deserve it.

by ROFFE THOMPSON



"There was a slight clerical error in the last annual report. Instead of making three million pounds this past year, we lost three million"

SECRET OF THE BLACK BRAE

Continued from page 20

awa' from Edendale at once, do you hear me?"

"Is it murder?"

"Nae harm will come to you if you do as you're told."

"Like hell," muttered Robert.

"Hold your blathering tongue." Snatcher jerked the muzzle of the pistol into Robert's neck.

"Where are you taking us?" Mr. Cork went on coolly.

"Where you'll no' interfere again in matters which don't concern you."

"And where may that be?"

"You'll find out soon enough."

"You won't get away with it, Snatcher. I'll have the police on you before the night's out."

"Not where you're going, muster. You'll have the moors to walk first."

"So we're to be marooned in the hills while you and Daggers make your getaway. Is that it?"

For answer, Snatcher seized Mr. Cork by the coat collar and brought their two heads close together in the darkness. "From now on you'll mind your own affairs," he said menacingly, "or, by God, I'll. . . ."

"I understand the position perfectly," said Mr. Cork.

"You'd better." Dragging Mr. Cork half out of his seat, he thrust him violently into the windscreen.

"Are you hurt, sir?" murmured Robert.

"I'm all right."

"Stop blathering."

They drove on through the storm. In the glare of a lightning flash, Mr. Cork peered at the driving mirror and made out Snatcher's shape crouching behind them. The man must have lain in wait for them all evening outside the hotel; probably overheard the conversation with Johnson through the open window when he and Robert decided to follow Anna in the hotel car. It might be true that the plan was to set them down in some isolated spot on the moors; but, equally, Robert could be right. Daggers had already made one attempt to eliminate them: why should he hesitate now when, clearly, there was some desperate business he planned to accomplish?

Robert, in his turn, was wondering if there was a way, any way, of getting out of the mess they were in. He was driving with slit-eyed concentration, searching the shadows outside the beam of the headlights, probing the curtain of rain which thrashed wildly on the windscreen, trying to remember the lay of the ground they had gone over in the morning. The intention forming in his mind was a desperate one, but the alternative was desperate, too. Pity he couldn't warn Mr. Cork; but he had to act faster than Snatcher could close his finger on the trigger. They both had to take their chance.

As they came round a bend, he saw what he was seeking; a slope on the near side of the road, running down into a hollow; well-cushioned with young wood and vegetation. He guessed it was probably a bog, but it was as likely a place as any for his purpose.

With a sudden swing of the wheel, he lurched the car into the thick of it. As they nose-dived off the road, Mr. Cork was toppled out of his seat on to his shoulder. Snatcher's gun slipped from Robert's neck and went off somewhere behind him. Throwing all his weight on the wheel again, he gave it another strong turn to keep the car on its wheels. The bonnet crumpled, the windscreen shattered. They swung to a stop, up to the running board in mud, in a wreckage of splintered saplings and a mesh of uprooted bramble.

For a moment, Robert sat there taking it all in, with Mr. Cork lying on his lap. Then, squirming out of his seat, he dived on to the prostrate Snatcher.

MR. CORK just had time to realize that Robert was crashing the car. Then, half-stunned, he heard him shouting: "Are you all right, sir? Are you all right?"

"I'm all right," said Mr. Cork wearily.

"I've got the blighter cold," Robert called out from the floor of the car.

Mr. Cork looked over the seat. Robert was straddled on the top of Snatcher, with his hands on his throat and beating his head on the floor.

"See if you can find the gun," Robert said.

Mr. Cork felt around the floor, but there was no sign of the pistol. Possibly it had gone through the window as the car crashed. He tried the doors, but they were jammed. There was no way out except through the windscreen frame. He crawled through on to the bonnet and, slipping down, settled up to his calves in mud. He went to help Robert: but Robert was in no need of help. He had burst open one of the rear doors and was dragging out the unconscious Snatcher by his legs.

"Sorry, sir," he grinned triumphantly, "but it had to be done. I

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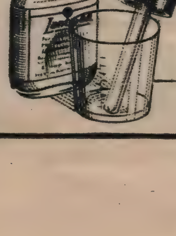

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hope I didn't shake you up too much."

"I shall be all right in a minute. What about him?"

"Knocked silly, that's all. Where's the pistol?"

"Not much hope of finding it in this muck. But we've got the rifle in the boot."

"We can get along without it. Help me lean him against the car."

They sprawled the unconscious man along the running board with his head resting on the shattered mudguard.

"The rain will bring him round in a moment or two. Then we'll see what we can get out of him."

"Do you know where we are?"

"About half a mile above the Black Brae, I think. Right in the middle of the fun."

LEANING on the bonnet, Mr. Cork felt in his pocket for his cigarette case. Robert asked for the matches. Striking a light, he held it close to Snatcher's face. There was a flicker in the man's eyes.

"Remember me," said Robert, bending over him. "You had a pistol in the back of my neck a few minutes ago."

Snatcher looked at him with a puzzled expression.

"The angels are still singing for you, eh, Snatcher? Ah, that's better. You remember me."

Taking him by the shoulders, Robert pinned him like a naturalist's specimen to the wreck of the car. Mr. Cork stood over them, striking matches to light up Snatcher's face. Snatcher was trying to speak, but his tongue was sticking to the roof of his mouth.

Robert, eyes sparkling and his blood prickling deliciously in his veins, looked as dangerous as he was feeling. "Can't talk, Snatcher? You were voluble enough a few moments ago. Who were you carrying that gun for? Daggers?"

Snatcher nodded.

"You'd better find your tongue soon. Where's Daggers now? Where's Anna Pryde? When did he give you that message to Miss Pryde that you delivered for him? Why did he want to get rid of us? What do you know about the Black Brae?" With every question Robert shook him fiercely by the shoulders.

Snatcher's face was almost blue with terror. "Muster, if you'll only bide a wee, I'll tell you all I know. I swear I will. But don't kill me. For mercy's sake, don't kill me."

"You didn't have any scruples about trying to kill us."

"I told you nae harm would come to you. I was taking you awa' frae trouble."

"Ask him if he interfered with the car this morning," said Mr. Cork.

"It was him himself, muster."

"Daggers was there, was he?"

"In Willy Sutherland's hut."

"What hold is it that Daggers has got over you?" interposed Mr. Cork.

"I was his ghillie."

"That's not good enough. You'll have to do better than that."

"Strike another match," said Robert suddenly. "I've got an idea. Ah, I thought so. Where did you get that khaki shirt? It looks like Army issue. You're a youngish man. Were you in the Army?"

Snatcher nodded sulkily.

"You weren't in the Commandos, by any chance? Come on, man spit it out."

"Aye, muster, I was."

"That's how you met Daggers?"

"Aye."

"I've got it. You're a deserter, aren't you? You're wanted by the military police?"

"Don't give me up, muster. I couldna live awa' from the hills. I couldna live."

"We might feel more sympathy for you," said Mr. Cork, "if we didn't also know you are an accessory to murder."

"I didna' kill anybody, muster."

"Somebody was murdered. Who was it?"

"I swear to you I never knew. I thought it was Muster Daggers himself who was drowned till he came here days after he was dead and gone, like an evil spurrit out of the river, to haunt me."

"How did Mr. Daggers explain his resurrection?"

"He didna' explain much. He's a terrible man. It was an accident, he said, and his eyes bored through me like a hook in the side of a fush."

"I'm sure you're frightened of Daggers," said Robert. "But at the moment you've more reason to be frightened of me. Do you know, by any chance, why he's so interested in the Black Brae? You don't, eh? Where is he now?"

Snatcher lowered his head.

"I shall count five," said Robert, "and then I shall get rough. One, two, three, four. . . ."

"I'll tell you," said Snatcher desperately. "But he'll kill me, I know he will."

"So will I if you don't hurry."

Snatcher lowered his voice with terror. "He's in Wully Sutherland's hut on the slopes of the hill."

"Is the young lady with him?"

He nodded.

"Is that where's he's been hiding up here in the hills—or have you been sheltering him in your croft?"

Snatcher didn't answer.

"We can soon find out," said Robert. "Your croft's on the far side of Cnoc Craggie, isn't it?"

"Are you going to try and take him yourself?" Snatcher asked.

"That's the idea."

"You'll need to be careful, muster. I'm afraid for any man who gets in the road of Muster Daggers."

"So it appears," said Robert drily. "What I'm anxious to find out is why."

"You'll find out now," said a cold voice from the darkness.

MR. CORK gripped Robert by the arm. Standing together in the bog, they stared into the night. Nothing stirred. There was no sound except the patter of the rain, the swish of the wind playing in the hills and the steady rush of water nosing through the burns and hissing angrily in the boiling potholes and creamy roughs of the swollen river.

"It's the muster," Snatcher whimpered.

They saw him, a black shadow against the sky, standing at the top of the slope above them. He switched on a torch and cast the beam slowly from one to the other. When he came to Snatcher, he stopped. "So you made a mess of it," he said.

"You're not going to kill me?"

"Why—you haven't been talking, have you?" The quiet voice had a razor edge to it.

"They crashed the car, muster."

"And, luckily, I heard the pistol shot. Now we can make a better accident of it. Don't move, you two," he added sharply. "I've got you covered with a rifle and I know how to use

PRINTERS' PIE

BRITAIN in all its aspects—ranging from homes and industry to sport and entertainment—is the theme of *Printers' Pie*, 1950, first postwar edition of a famous annual. The 1950 edition has 132 pages, and contains stories and features by writers like Rhys Davies, Evelyn Waugh and Compton Mackenzie. It costs 3s. 6d. All profits go to the Printers' Pension Corporation.

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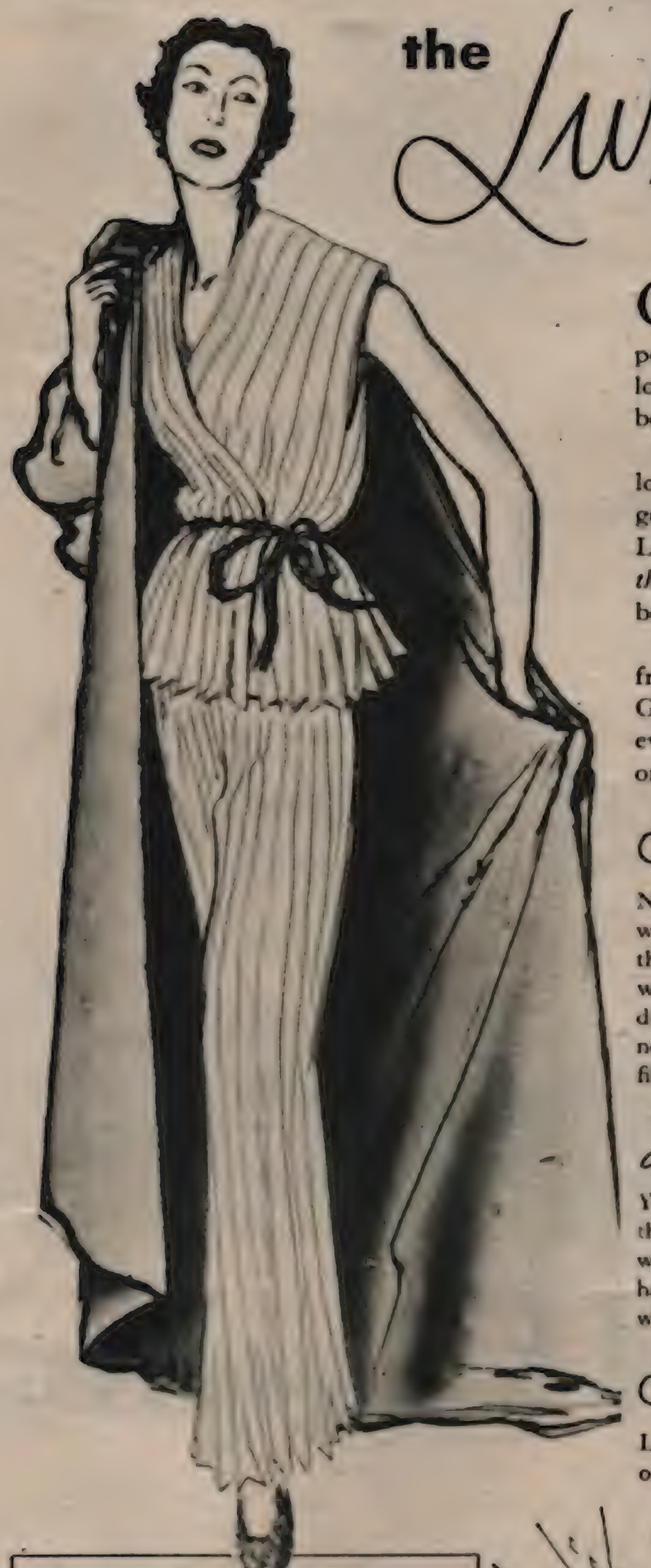

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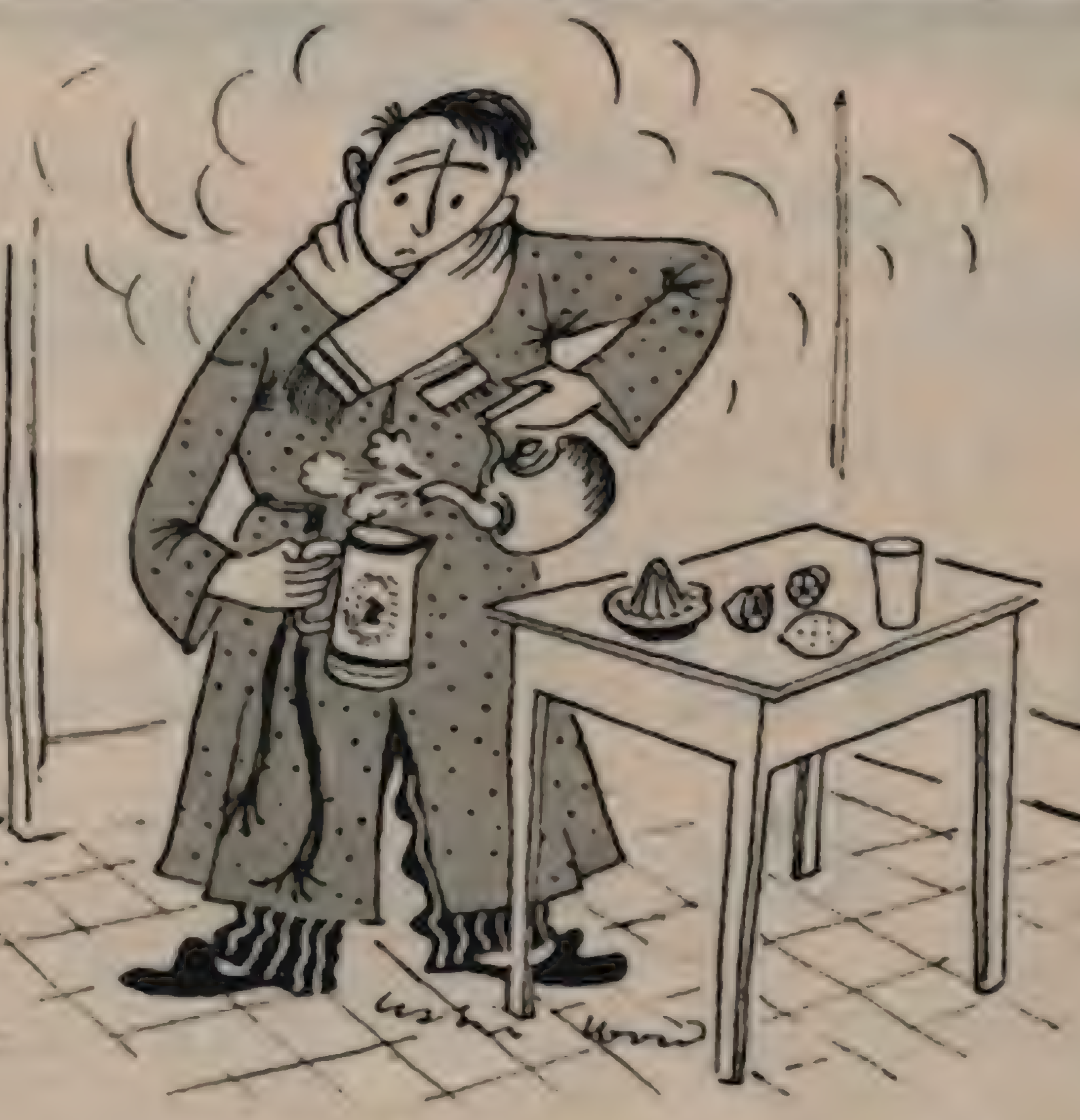

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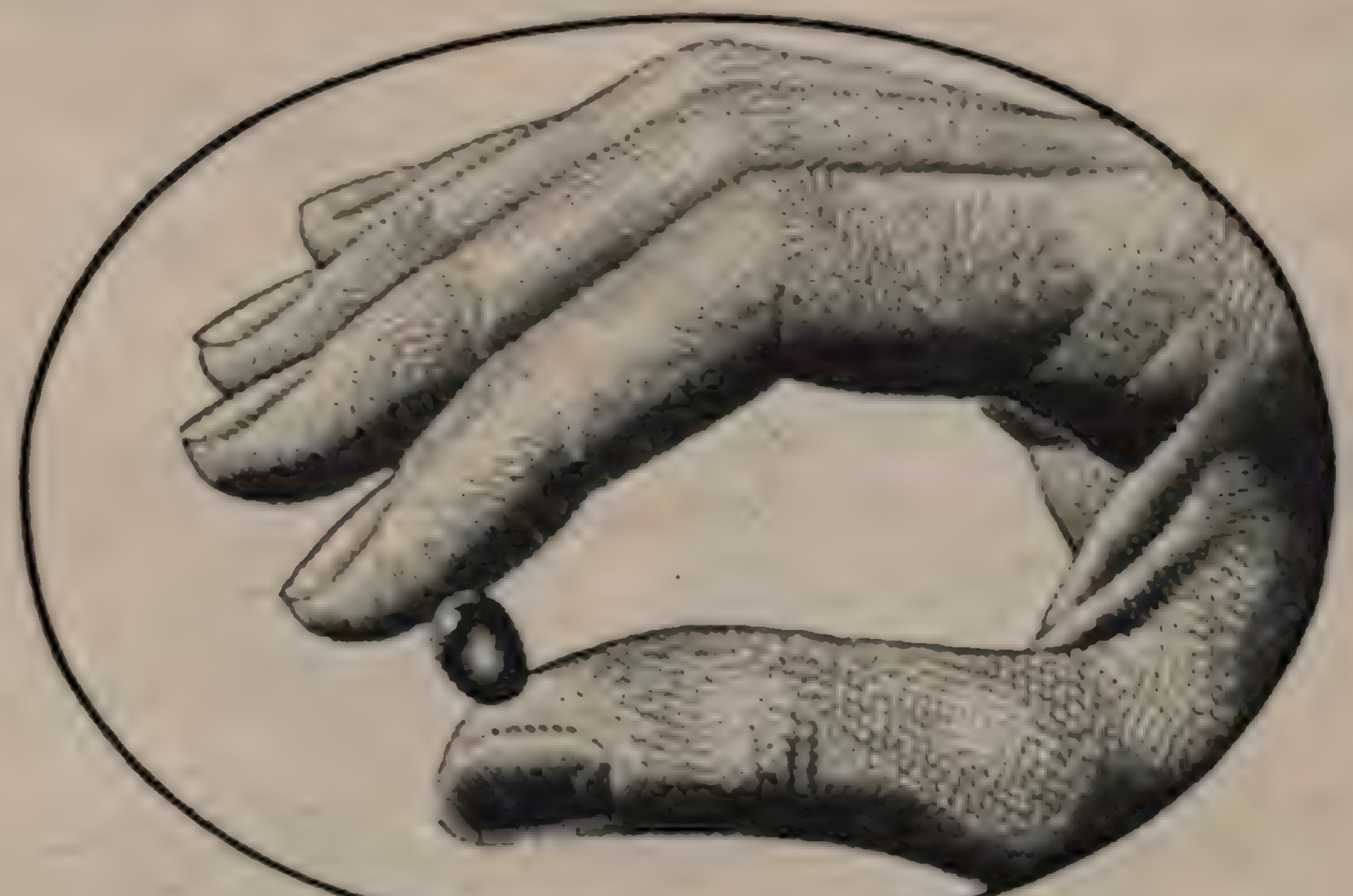

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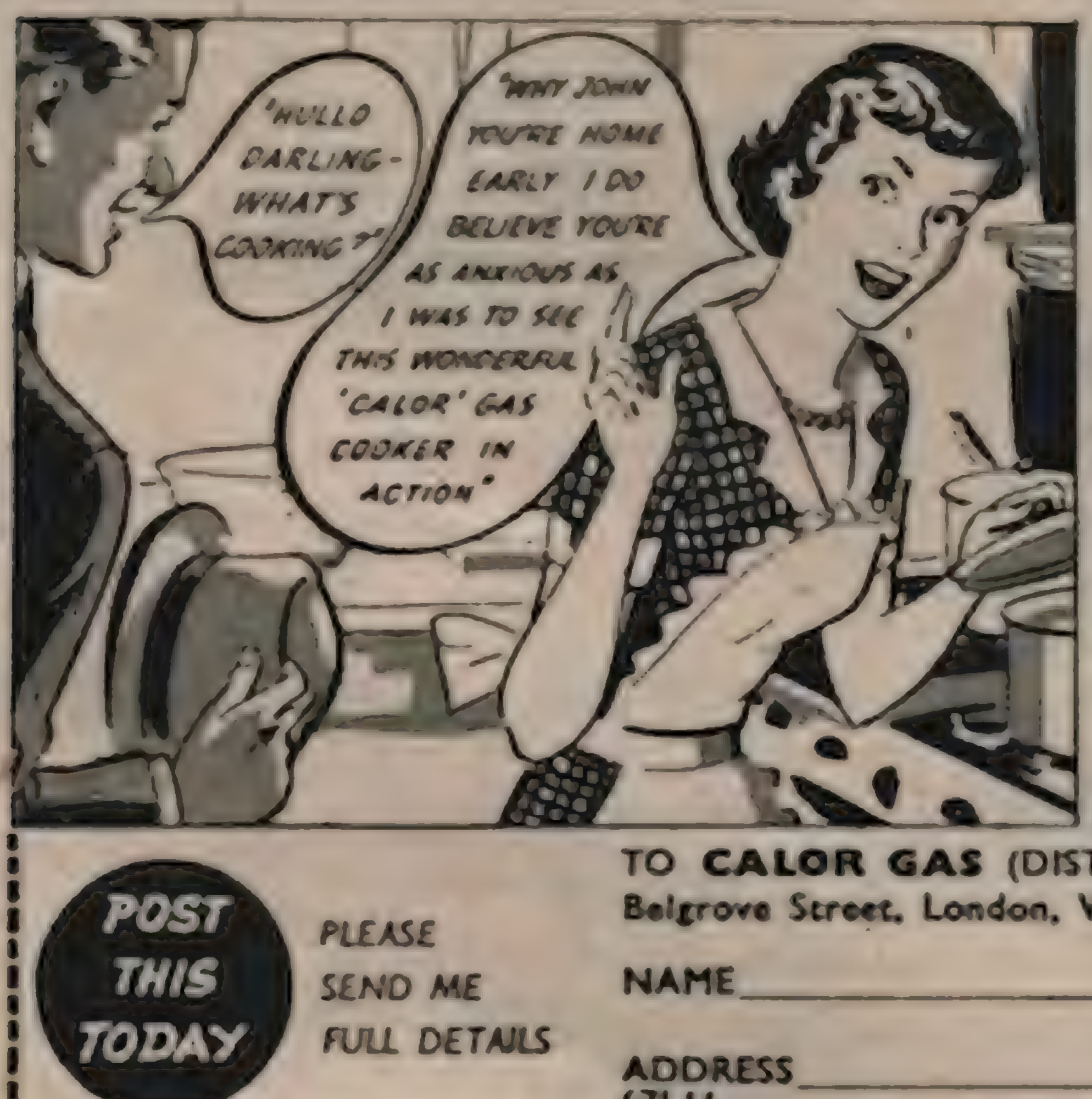
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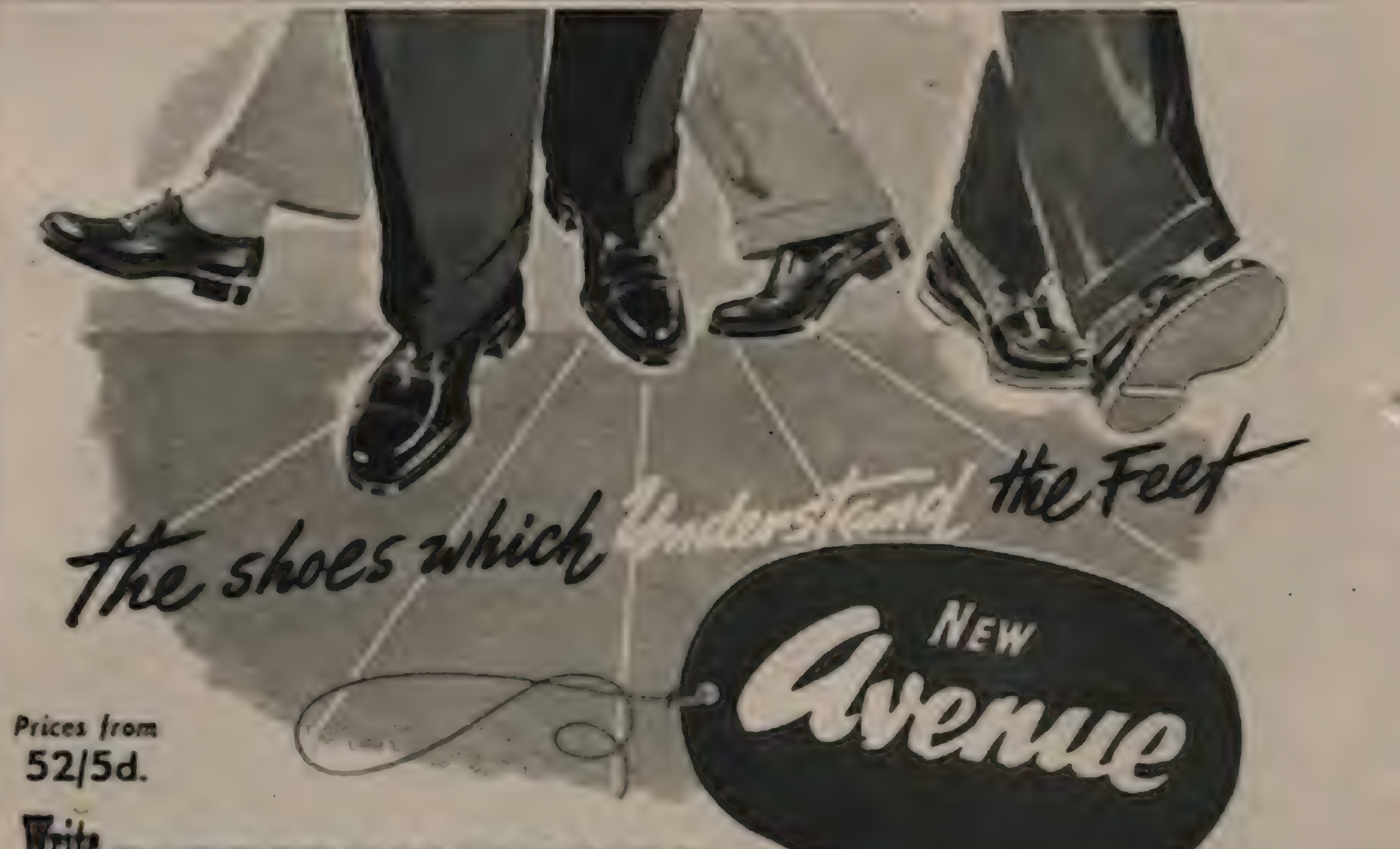
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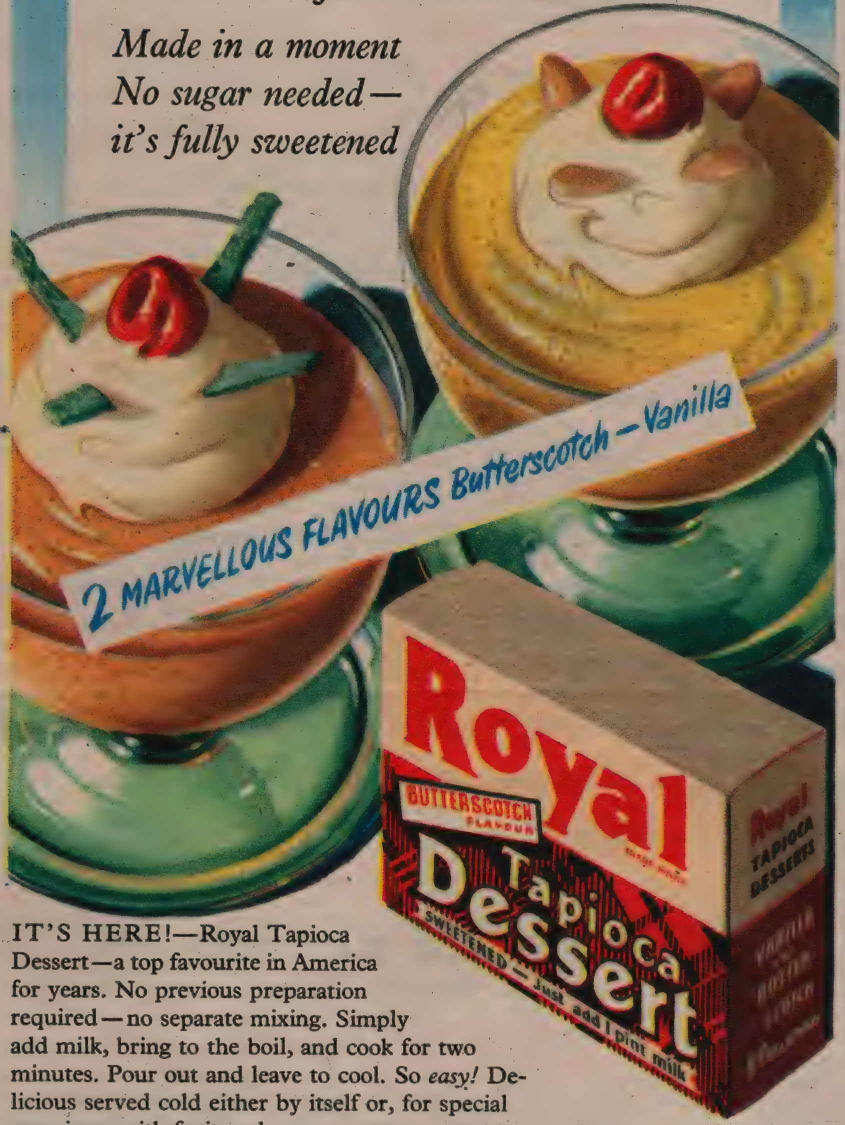
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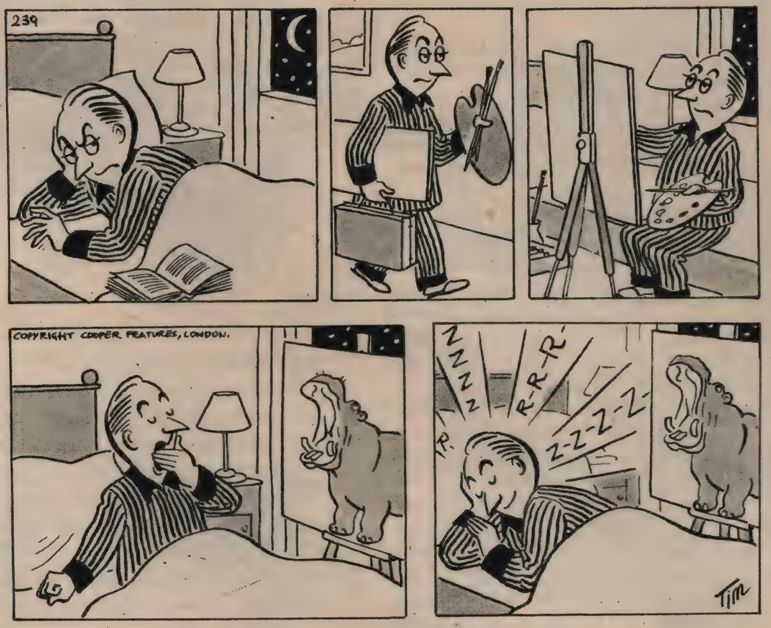
OH, JOHNNY! by TIM



it. Turn out the toolbox, Snatcher, and pick out a large spanner. Get on with it, you miserable devil. A spanner under the back seat."

As Snatcher rummaged in the car, Gabriel Daggers came towards them. He came so near that they could hear the rustle of his waterproofs and the squelch of his boots in the mud.

"What do you mean to do?" said Mr. Cork.

"You give me no choice. You had your chance to get out of Edendale but you wouldn't take it."

"Would we have fared any better?"

"Probably not."

"So you're going to murder us here?"

"Murder?" said Daggers. "There's been an accident, another motor accident. When the police come in the morning, the victims' bodies will be found in the wreckage of the car. Your bodies."

"You'll hang for it, all the same."

"A dead man hang? I'm a ghost."

"And the man you murdered in the Black Brae?"

"Another ghost." Daggers laughed.

"Killing us won't get you out of trouble," said Mr. Cork. "There are others who are curious about you. You can't go on murdering indefinitely. You're bound to be found out; bound to be found out in the end, Daggers."

"Give me the spanner."

Snatcher passed it to him in exchange for the rifle.

"Where's Anna Pryde?" demanded Robert.

"What's that to you?"

"I pity her in your tender care, that's all, you dirty swine."

Daggers closed on Robert and, swinging the spanner, caught him a glancing blow on the side of the head. Robert dropped into the bog. Mr. Cork, with the energy of desperation, stumbled into Daggers and for a few moments the two of them wrestled with open arms. Surprise checked Daggers for a moment, but as he prepared to use the spanner again, an anxious shout from Snatcher checked his hand.

"Mind out, muster!"

Daggers threw Mr. Cork to the ground. The inquiring beam of car headlights was moving swiftly up the road.

"We'll get out," he said quietly.

PLUNGING through the bog, the two men ran into the outer darkness as the car pulled up with its lights set on the wreckage of the hotel cab. Mr. Cork struggled to his feet.

Two people got out of the car and came down the greasy slope towards them.

"So," said a familiar voice. "Another trifling accident, Mr. Cork. Very unlucky for you. But for me, interesting. Definitely interesting."

Mr. Cork thought of the rifle they had put in the boot of the car; but what was the good? Somewhere in the undergrowth Daggers was watching with his finger on a trigger. Kurt and the other fellow were stepping straight into the same trap. All that was possible was to give what help he could, while he could, to Robert. Grasping him under the arms, he hauled him through the boggy ground towards the remains of the hotel car.

"Is he dead?" asked Kurt disinterestedly.

Mr. Cork looked over his shoulder. "I don't know."

"So." Kurt ran his hands over Mr. Cork's clothes. "A little precaution. Just a little insurance, as you might say, against the possibility of any more accidents." Moving Mr. Cork aside, he lifted Robert easily into the back seat. Casually leaning over him, he raised his eyelids and felt his heart and pulse. "He is luckier than the last person who had a car accident at Edendale. He was killed instantaneous. Definitely instantaneous, eh, Mr. Cork?" Kurt, his face a grinning white mask under the watery beam of the car lights, looked like a character in some evil harlequinade. His stooge stood patiently behind him in the mud, round-shouldered, pig-eyed and immeasurably wary.

"You and I, Mr. Cork, have a great understanding of each other. Excuse, please." He turned to his companion. "Watch the one in the car. He's the one who fixed Harry this morning."

"So it was him?"

"It was no fault of his," said Mr. Cork. "I accept the full responsibility."

"So."

"Suppose you say what you've got to say and get it over."

"Forgive me. You are a great business man, Mr. Cork. Me, I am the temperamental artist. But now we talk business."

"I'm listening."

"Where is the girl?"

"I don't know."

Fred made a threatening move but Kurt checked him with a gesture. "Has she got the stuff, or have you?"

"I don't understand what you're talking about."

"So you wish to make it unpleasant for yourself after all."

"On the contrary. I will do anything in my power to avoid any more unpleasantness. But I can't tell you what I don't know. I merely came here to help Anna Pryde."

"Aw, hell," said Fred, jogging Kurt with his thumb. "He's wasting time."

"Not yet, my friend," said Kurt. "So," he went on to Mr. Cork, "you want us to believe that you followed this woman to Edendale because she was so charming you wished to help her. You go with her this morning to the Black Brae to catch salmon. But, while you're there, you search the bottom of the pool."

"That's correct."

"Ah, now you are being more reasonable. When you discover you are overlooked you are so alarmed that you arrange a convenient accident for the man I put there to watch you. You even sacrifice your expensive motor car. Tonight, the woman goes out after dark. And, in a storm like this, you follow her here to the Black Brae. You drive so fast you crash the car. It is all circumstantial, definite circumstantial. But it is proof."

"Proof of what?"

"You came here with the girl to find the hiding-place of the Pongratz jewels," snapped Kurt. "And you've got them." He paused while the smile slowly smeared over his face again. "I want them. Please to hand them over."

Mr. Cork pressed his hand wearily to his head. His expression, as Kurt waited eagerly for an answer, gave no indication that he was otherwise than bored. But his thoughts were racing. Suddenly, the dizzy pattern of events was beginning to fit together. So it was treasure they were after; it was these Pongratz jewels, whatever they were, that had drawn these people to Edendale. That was what the French woman was raking about for in the Black Brae. That was why Daggers had committed murder. That was why Kurt was ready to risk murder now.

Mr. Cork said slowly: "I'm interested to learn, as a matter of professional interest, how you found out about the Pongratz jewels. It was clever of you to trace them."

"You flatter me, Mr. Cork. But I have a great experience of this collection. I was present when they were stolen."

"How do you know the theft won't be discovered?" persisted Mr. Cork.

"But simple. Your own Allied Military Commission decided after the war that the Pongratz collection was irretrievably lost. For years I hunted that Daggers and then, when I found him, it was too late."

SO much that had puzzled Mr. Cork in this extraordinary adventure he had embarked on was now clear that, listening to Kurt's triumphant revelations, he had almost forgotten his own desperate danger. It was evident that Kurt was convinced that he, Montague Cork, was not only a fellow crook and the possessor of these Pongratz jewels but Daggers's murderer as well. Kurt was in for a shock.

Mr. Cork said slowly: "The only person who knows where those jewels are, is the man who disposed of them. Contrary to what you imagine, Gabriel Daggers is not dead. The man whose body was recovered from the Black Brae was not Gabriel Daggers."

Kurt stiffened. He said: "Who was it then?"

"At one time I thought you might be able to help me. But that isn't of immediate interest. Daggers is. He's probably trying to make up his mind how to deal with you now."

"You lie. You lie." Kurt made no attempt to conceal his alarm. He screamed at Mr. Cork hysterically.

"You're wasting your breath shouting 'you lie' at every statement I make. And it's no use your friend trying to bully me. If you hit me, I shall probably faint and I shall be of no further use to you. I am an elderly man and I am already in a very shaken condition. I am also past frightening any more. I'm much too frightened already. I'm willing to tell you what I know, which I regret does not include the whereabouts of the Pongratz jewels, because I have no wish to prevent you or Daggers from cutting each other's throats. In fact, it would make a very satisfactory end to an unpleasant business."

Mr. Cork, squatting in a bog, was establishing his authority again. Fred was clenching and unclenching his fists uncertainly. Kurt, as Mr. Cork reiterated again and again that Daggers lived, had lost his poise. He was wavering; "definitely wavering," Mr. Cork reflected grimly.

"Where is Daggers now?" Kurt demanded.

"I was afraid you were going to ask that. As you came up the road in your car, Daggers was here. I haven't the slightest doubt that he's looking at you at this moment along the sights of a rifle."

Kurt put his hand purposefully inside his coat. His mouth tightened into a thin line, and his cross-eyes glittered as he looked cautiously around him.

"Put out the car lights," he said to Fred. "No, stay where you are. If he sees you doing that, it might draw his fire."

He looked at Mr. Cork again. "Are you sure you're telling the truth?"

"I wish to God I wasn't."

Fred began to swear viciously. He was badly frightened. "What are we going to do?" he asked.

"You want the jewels, don't you?" Kurt said harshly.

"All I know is I don't want a bullet in me."

"You can stay here, then, and keep an eye on the old man. I've waited for these jewels for five years. I've looked for Daggers for five years, too. I'm going after him."

IT was lighter now, the steel-grey and lemon light of first dawn. The rain had reduced to a steady drizzle and the short Highland night was nearly over. Mr. Cork was crouched against the back of the wrecked car with the humpy figure of Fred hugging cover behind him. Kurt, a vaguely outlined shadow in the steaming mist, was moving guardedly round the perimeter of the hollow, passing his body lovingly from one starved tree trunk to the next one, drawing the ground like a fox wary for the spring of the trap.

Inside the remains of the car, Mr. Cork could hear Robert, dazed and half conscious for some minutes now, muttering and trying to lift himself.

The agony of waiting could scarcely be prolonged much longer. If Daggers was there, watching them, the moment for decision must come quickly. If Daggers wasn't there, the alternative was almost worse. Kurt would believe that he had been tricked. But, at that moment, Mr. Cork's speculations were abruptly ended.

A splash of flame jetted among the trees. With a queer sense of relief, Mr. Cork heard the sound of the shot. Kurt was standing there, still and upright, with a smoking pistol in his hand.

A man's shape separated from a dark clump of foliage. Falteringly, with his hands pressed to his stomach, he came down the slope of the hollow towards the pool of bright light made by the headlamps of the car on the road. As his legs stuck in the mud, he stopped, blinking stupidly. Then slowly, unbelievably slowly, his mouth swung open, his knees hinged, and he folded up in the bright green stuff of the bog. It was Snatcher.

The man Fred drew in his breath between his teeth in an involuntary

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whistle. "You've done it now, Smiler," he cried. "How we going to get away with this?"

The last words choked in his throat. Another shot whip-cracked in the air. But this time it wasn't Kurt who fired. Mr. Cork, as he snuggled against the cover of the car, saw Kurt spin round to face a challenge from somewhere behind him.

"Something's hit me," said Fred. He put his hand inquiringly to his side. Then, drawing it away, he looked down at his palm. It was stained a sticky red. This time, the thug shouted hysterically. With a lumbering effort, he plunged panic-stricken out of the hollow towards the car on the road.

Kurt, avoiding the revealing beam of the lights, circled round after him. As he did so, there was another shot from high up the hill. Kurt turned, fired twice and then ran on to intercept his accomplice.

Fred had opened the door and, whimpering noisily with pain, was dragging himself into the driver's seat.

The lights of the car were switched off. Mr. Cork heard the whirr of a self-starter. Raising his head, he saw the car drawing away as Kurt reached it. As it gathered speed, Kurt jumped on to the running-board. The last Mr. Cork saw of him he was hanging on to the side fighting to burst open the door.

ROBERT was lying face down on the banks of a flooded burn making a cold compress for his head with a handkerchief. Mr. Cork himself was trying vainly to force a clip of cartridges into the rifle which he had retrieved from the back of the hotel car.

"I'm sorry, Shipley," said Mr. Cork. "I'm sorry for the mess I've got you and all of us into. I realize, only too well, that I have failed in my responsibility to you as a friend of your father's, as your employer and—don't interrupt—as your senior in years and experience. I have meddled in matters which are beyond my own strength and authority. To put it bluntly, Robert, I have behaved like a damned fool."

Such a confession from Mr. Cork, in addition to his addressing him by his Christian name, took Robert's attention from the care of his head. Sitting up too quickly, he gave a wince of pain. Mr. Cork, grey-faced and plastered with mud, looked at him anxiously. "Head no better?" he asked.

"It's nothing," said Robert, touching himself tenderly. "I've had a worse hangover from beer."

"Nevertheless, from now forward, I shall handle this terrible business myself. I'm going back to the hotel to try and get help. If I can find where Anna has put Johnson's car, I shall use that. If not, I shall cross the river and take the short cut over the moors. I want you to remain here under cover until I get back."

"But suppose Daggers, or Kurt, intercepts you?"

"I shall have to take that chance."

"Are you going to leave Anna Pryde to take her chance?"

"I don't want to, but there's nothing else we can do. I shall never forgive myself, Robert, that I failed to call in the police right from the start."

"But you had no evidence. You said so yourself."

"My duty was to report my suspicions, unfounded or otherwise, to the proper authorities. But I thought I knew better. At my age, too. And this is the result. Two men murdered already. Anna Pryde in the power of a homicidal maniac. Your life and mine spared by a miracle. And that's not the end of it. In this weather, with the telephone lines cut, the police can't get here for hours. In the meantime, God only knows what may happen. Daggers is probably looking for us now. Kurt, when he has settled his differences with that creature of his, will take any risk to get those cursed jewels."

NOW YOU KNOW

TO bring out the sparkle in your glass treasures, add some drops of ammonia to the rinsing water. And, for protection, place a dish cloth in the sink and on the draining board when washing. Hold stemware at the bowl to avoid strain, and clean etched or cut designs with a soft brush.

Glass expands with heat and contracts with cold, so don't subject it to sudden temperature changes. Let iced drink tumblers warm up before going into hot water ; put a silver spoon in before hot liquid. Store glasses rim side up—don't stack. Don't drop in ice cubes. Let them slide in gently over the rim.

He was silent for a while, flogging his tired brain to recall what Kurt had said. "Have you ever heard of these Pongratz jewels?" he asked. "They must be the ones there was a terrific hullabaloo about immediately after the war, about the same time that they discovered that cave stuffed with art treasures in the American Zone. They never did find the jewels. They were the heirlooms of some princelings in the Balkans who were bumped off by the Nazis. I remember, now, reading all about it in the Sunday papers. Clever man, Daggers," went on Mr. Cork. "A brave one, too. How he shot his way out with that loot in the middle of a commando raid, and got it home, must be one of the stories of the war. But he did it somehow, certain that the Nazis would be blamed for its disappearance, and presumably hid it up here."

"But why do that?"

"He was a fisherman, Robert, and a jeweller. He called himself a jeweller's dealer on his policy. It didn't mean anything to me at the time, but now it's plain that it was his knowledge of jewellery that enabled him to identify the Pongratz collection for what it was, and later, to break it up and dispose of it, bit by bit, in a way that the stones wouldn't be recognized. Hence all the journeys he made to the Continent; hence the jeweller's workbench in his house; hence the mystery with which he surrounded his life."

"Hence, too, the disabling of the car with a jeweller's saw," Robert added. "But how does the fishing part fit in?"

"I was coming to that. And listen carefully to what I'm saying, because we don't know what may happen to either of us in the next few hours. If necessary, you can tell it to the police."

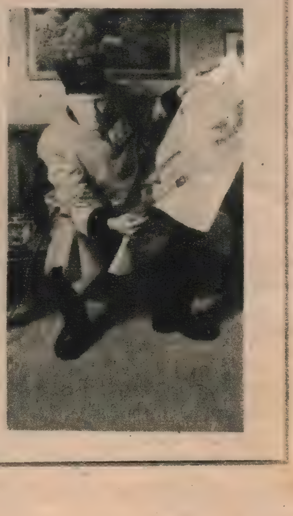
Mr. Cork was staring blankly into the water, but his voice, when he spoke, was crisp. "When Daggers had got the jewels to this country, it was obviously essential for him to hide them in a safe place; a place where they'd never be suspected, a place which he could always go to to draw on his hoard without arousing suspicion. I'm sure now that the place he chose was the bed of this river. As a fisherman, Daggers knew that there are secret places in the rocky bottom of rivers, underwater cavities in the rocks, where you can hide something more effectively than in any hole in the ground. He came here once or twice a year to draw what he needed from his cache.

"In some way, Kurt tracked him down. But even when he realized it, Daggers was confident. He determined to throw Kurt completely off the scent by arranging to have himself officially drowned. How he organized the murder, how he brought his unknown victim secretly to Edendale, is still unsolved. But his plan succeeded admirably."

HE was silent, thinking for a while; then he went on: "Daggers would be safe today except that he had fallen in love with Anna. He made that will and took out the insurance policy to keep Anna in reserve until it was safe for him to reappear with a new identity. He believed, like many other people, that money can buy anything. But Anna, like most other women, didn't run true to Daggers's idea of her. With feminine perverseness she turned down £25,000. And then, unknowingly, Anna and ourselves led Daggers's enemies, convinced of his death, to the very place where Daggers is lying out and the Pongratz jewels are hidden.

"Daggers, who intended to disappear long ago, is drawn back by Anna's coming and fear for his treasure, to the Black Brae. After watching us today, after the discovery that he had killed one of Kurt's gang in mistake for us, he was desperately anxious. So he took the risk of sending a message to Anna, asking her to come to him secretly and

GREETING YOUR FRIENDS OVERSEAS



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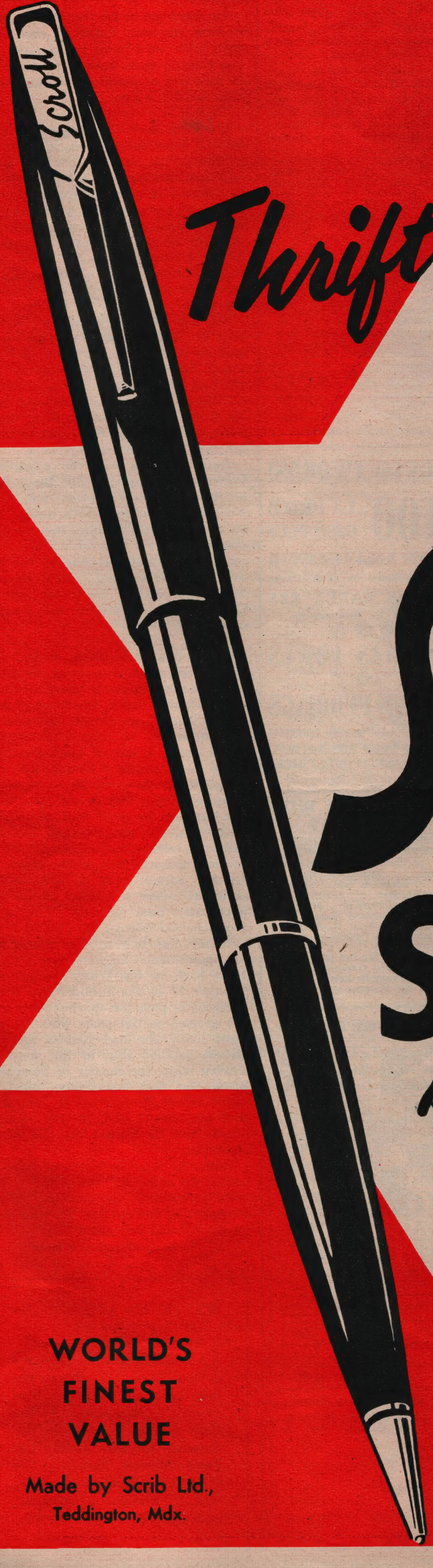

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2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated Dec. 9, and in JOHN BULL, dated Dec. 16, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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next week and Giant Xmas Offer in "Bulletin" and "Gazette" dated December 2—apply on coupon below for FREE copy.

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

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Wherever You Go
Cashier Gaitskell
With The Dawn
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Old-fashioned Christmas
Can't See Why
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Call Of The Wild
Saucy
Grandpa Suspects
Lying Doggo
It Was A Good Idea, But
Our Village Team
Carolling
Out In The Cold
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NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,758 (or Xword 710), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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THIRD PRIZE, £50 plus Weekend: A. Hodkinson, 180 Edgeley Road, Stockport: One Of Life's Inexplicable—"Explanations" Of Life, Baby.

FOURTH PRIZE, £25 plus Weekend: A. H. Kirby, 48 Winterton Road, Birmingham: The Day Dad Revisited—Dunkirk—"Evacuated" By *Police*!

OTHER AWARDS: £10: Mrs. J. Turner, Canada Camp, Meriden, near Coventry: Gap In Our Armour—Tolerance? Perhaps Greatest Strength! £9: P. Mullen, 52 Norman Road, Wrexham: In His Spare Time—Bet Joe Grows *Cactus*! £8: Mrs. A. Ashby, 7 Devonshire Bldgs., Bath: Midst Smoke And Flames—Fairy Godmother—Wrong Trap! £7: C. R. King, 78 Woodside Road, Cwmbran, Newport: Gap In Our Armour—New Vicar's *Darts* Found. £6: J. H. Neville-Weaver, 13 St. George's Road, Truro: Glint Of Steel—Needles—Our "Reinforcement"

Continued in previous column

Continued from next column

Approaches! £5: S. Sindall, 23 Yukon Road, Balham, S.W.12: The Big Stick—Apparently *Frightened* Dad's Geranium!

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Across Clues **XWORD 710**

1. Should be roomy enough to accommodate those who sit in it
3. Some housewives, having stocked up coal for winter, are inclined to feel this
5. Fairly often broken in old-time brawls
6. May fold up quite suddenly
7. One may get all kinds of useful cookery hints from a good one
13. It's hardly likely many people would object if their president looked this
14. Powerful gales and heavy rains cause something like chaos in many these

Down Clues

1. Some cyclists on the road take this
2. Audience may do this at certain performances
4. There's a kind which makes use of post essential
8. Commonly found in wood
9. Certain kind of thing is dried on one
10. Should you get raw this, you may well suspect someone's wicked cooking
11. Average chap would soon find a man without this a dull companion
12. The flowers that are seen on many of these strike one as not being natural

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E	A	T	■		■	■	T	E	E
■	6 M	A		■	7	8 O	O	K	■
9	■	X	■	10	■	A	P	E	■
A	11 G	I	L	E	■		■	■	12
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alone. He wanted to measure up the opposition."

Mr. Cork got to his feet. "I'm going to leave you now, Robert. I shall come back with what help I can raise. So don't leave here unless you have to, to keep out of trouble. And look after that head."

"I will."

Mr. Cork gave a parting wave of his hand. "Good luck to you, my boy."

"Good luck, sir."

Robert watched him until he was out of sight. Then he acted quickly. He picked up the rifle and, with practised hand, pressed the clip of five cartridges into the magazine. Next, he plunged his head into the burn to refresh himself. Finally, in flat contravention of orders, he got to his feet and followed Mr. Cork.

Skirting along the hillside, Robert kept Mr. Cork in view. It wasn't difficult to spot him. Mr. Cork was too weary to think of concealment. He plodded along bravely in the centre of the road. If anyone interfered with Mr. Cork now, Robert was in no doubt what he would do. He would shoot to kill, and damn the consequences.

But Mr. Cork went on unscathed. When he came opposite the Black Brae he turned down towards the river. Robert, two hundred yards behind him on the hill slope, watched him until he disappeared. At last, with a breath of relief, he hooked the sling of the rifle over his shoulder and headed towards Snatcher's hut on the other side of Cnoc Craggie. It was he and Daggers now.

SNATCHER'S croft was the typical two-roomed, stone-tiled hut of the Highlands, with a centre door, windows on either side and a lime-washed face. Robert slipped up to the first window and peered in.

The room, a sort of kitchen sitting-room, was empty. Easing the rifle strap off his shoulder, he went to the other window. But when he rubbed the mist off the pane with his fingers, that room, too, was deserted. An iron bedstead, with a tousled blanket, stood in one corner. Across the room, in another corner, was a straw-stuffed palliasse, where a second person had apparently been sleeping. But, now, the place was vacant.

Robert felt sick with weariness and disappointment. Daggers wasn't there. He'd have to try Wully Sutherland's cottage. If he was to find Anna, it was essential to pick the shortest route over the ground to the place where it was most likely she had parked the car. Robert recalled that in the strain of driving under the muzzle of Snatcher's pistol, he had completely failed to notice where she had put it. He must find out now. But, as the thought struck him, he slipped the rifle off his shoulder.

Anna, as large as life, was standing among the rocks in front of him.

"Don't move," she shouted. "Whatever you do, don't move. He's up there on the hill and he's got a rifle."

To be continued next week

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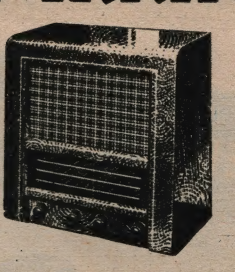

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JOHN BULL'S GARDENING GUIDE

ON the assumption that you have ordered your daffodils, crocuses, hyacinths, snowdrops—if not, do so at once and get them in the ground now for good results—you can consider planting out the tulips as November is an ideal month for all types, Earlies, Cottage and Darwin. Select your varieties for continuous flowering from April to June. There are hosts to choose from. Write for catalogues and select your varieties. Remember also that you can plant out Canterbury bells, foxgloves, sweet williams, wallflowers, polyanthus and other biennials when conditions are right. Remember, too, that rose trees and bushes are benefited by a winter spraying. Any one used for fruit trees may be employed. Spraying should be carried out between now and the middle of January, but the sooner the better.

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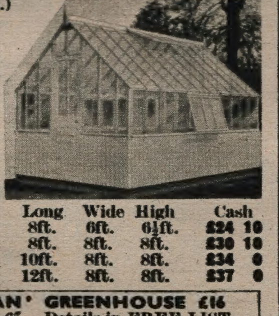

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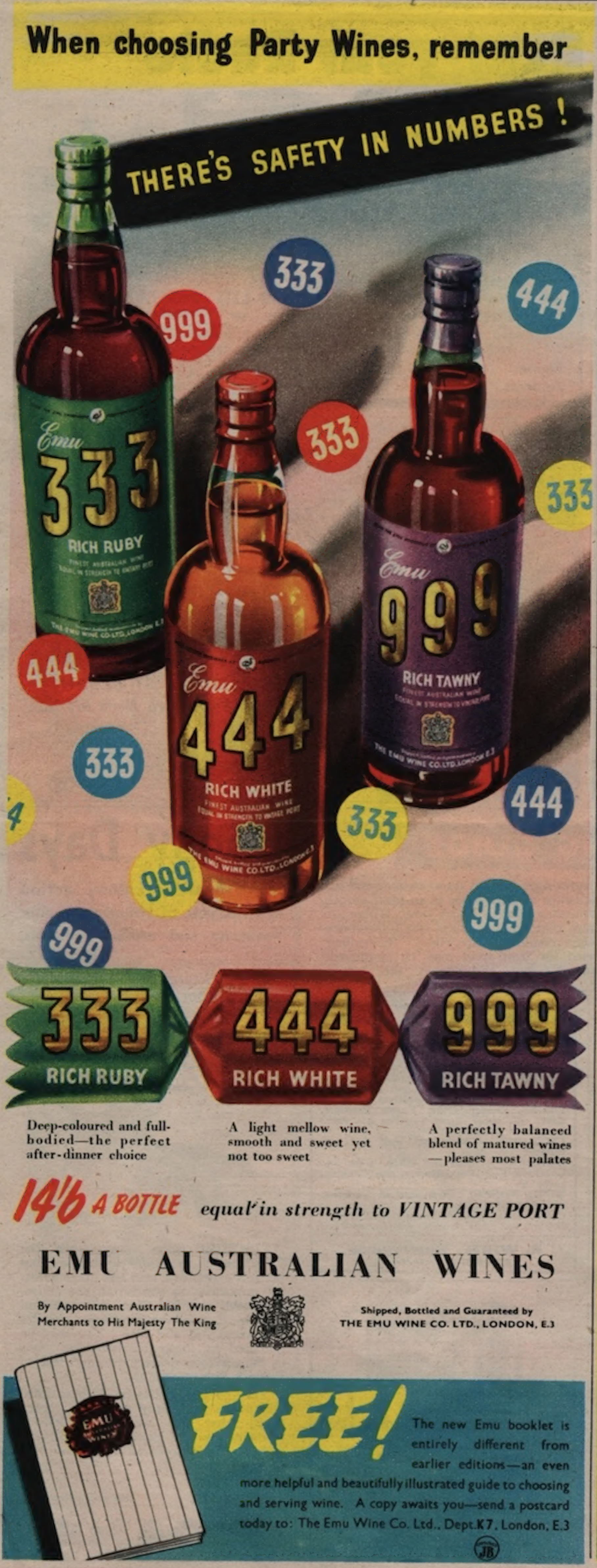

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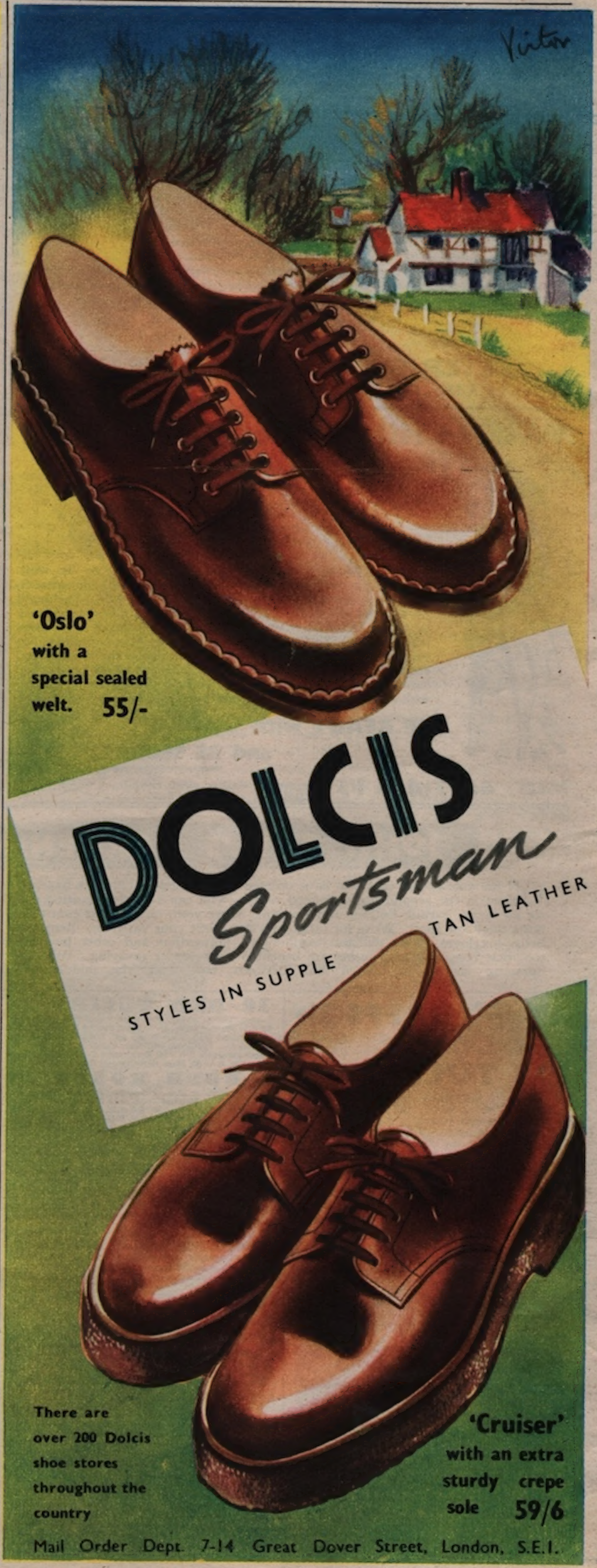

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